

MISCELLANIES.

THE SECOND VOLUME.



L O N D O N :

Printed for BENJAMIN MOTTE, and
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MISCELLANEA

THE
SECOND VOLUME



LONDON

Printed for Benjamin Motte, and
Charles Knight, in the Strand,
near the Royal Exchange.

Law is a Bottomless Pit.

OR THE

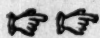
HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

Publish'd from

A MANUSCRIPT found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir *H. Polesworth*, in the Year 1712.



There is a Bottomless Pit

OR THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL

PRINTED FOR

A Manuscript found in the
Chest of the famous Sir M. Folger,
in the Year 1712.

1712



THE PREFACE.



HEN I was first called to the Office of Historiographer to John Bull, he expressed himself to this Purpose: * Sir Humphry Poleworth, I know you are a Plain-dealer; it is for that Reason I have chosen you for this important Trust; speak the Truth, and spare not. *That I might fulfil those his honourable Intentions, I obtained Leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret Retirements; and I put the Journals of all Transactions into a strong Box, to be open'd at a fitting Occasion, after the Manner of the Historiographers of some Eastern Monarchs: This I thought was the safest Way; tho' I declare I was*

* A Member of Parliament, eminent for a certain Cant in his Conversation; of which there is a good deal in this Book.

*never afraid to be * chop'd by my Master for telling of Truth, It is from those Journals that my Memoirs are compiled: Therefore let not Posterity a Thousand Years hence look for Truth in the voluminous Annals of Pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the secret Springs of great Actions; if they do, let me tell them, they will be † Nebus'd.*

WITH incredible Pains have I endeavour'd to copy the several Beauties of the antient and modern Historians; the impartial Temper of Herodotus; the Gravity, Austerity, and strict Morals of Thucydides, the extensive Knowledge of Xenophon, the Sublimity and Grandeur of Titus Livius; and to avoid the careless Style of Polybius, I have borrowed considerable Ornaments from Dionysius Halicarnassensis and Diodorus Siculus. The specious Gilding of Tacitus I have endeavour'd to shun. Mariana, Davila, and Fra. Paulo, are those amongst the Moderns whom I thought most worthy of Imitation; but I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite Obligations I have to the Pilgrims Progress of John Bunyan, and the Tenter Belly of the Reverend Joseph Hall.

FROM such Encouragement and Helps, it is easy to guess to what a Degree of Perfection I might have brought this great Work, had it not been nipt in the Bud by some illiterate People in both Houses of Parliament, who envying the

* A Cant Word of Sir Humpbry's.

† Another Cant Word, signifying deceiv'd.

The PREFACE.

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great Figure I was to make in future Ages, under Pretence of raising Money for the War, * have padlock'd all those very Pens that were to celebrate the Actions of their Heroes, by silencing at once the whole University of Grubstreet. I am persuaded, that nothing but the Prospect of an approaching Peace could have encouraged them to make so bold a Step. But suffer me, in the Name of the rest of the Matriculates of that famous University, to ask them some plain Questions: Do they think that Peace will bring along with it the Golden Age? Will there be never a Dying Speech of a Traitor? Are Cethegus and Catiline turn'd so tame, that there will be no Opportunity to cry about the Streets, A Dangerous Plot? Will Peace bring such Plenty that no Gentleman will have Occasion to go upon the Highway, or break into a House? I am sorry that the World should be so much imposed upon by the Dreams of a False Prophet, as to imagine the Millennium is at hand. O Grubstreet! thou fruitful Nursery of tow'ring Genius's! How do I lament thy Downfal? Thy Ruin could never be meditated by any who means well to English Liberty: No modern Lycæum will ever equal thy Glory: whether in soft Pastorals thou didst sing the Flames of pamper'd Apprentices and coy Cook-Maids; or mournful Ditties of departing Lovers; or if to Mæonian Strains thou rais'dst thy Voice, to record the Stratagems, the arduous Exploits, and the nocturnal Scalade of needy Heroes, the Terror of your peaceful Citizens, describing the

* Act restraining the Liberty of the Press, &c.

powerful Betty or the artful Picklock, or the secret Caverns and Grotto's of Vulcan sweating at his Forge, and stamping the Queen's Image on viler Metals, which he retales for Beef, and Pots of Ale: Or if thou wert content, in simple Narrative, to relate the cruel Acts of implacable Revenge, or the Complaints of ravish'd Virgins blushing to tell their Adventures before the listening Crowd of City Damsels; whilst in thy faithful History thou interminglest the gravest Counsels and the purest Morals. Nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy Search and pompous Description of the Works of Nature; whether in proper and emphatick Terms thou didst paint the blazing Comet's fiery Tail, the stupendous Force of dreadful Thunder and Earthquakes, and the unrelenting Inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian Sagacity, thou unravelledst Intrigues of State, and the traiterous Conspiracies of Rebels, giving wise Counsel to Monarchs. How didst thou move our Terror and our Pity with thy passionate Scenes between Jack-Catch and the Heroes of the Old-Baily! How didst thou describe their intrepid March up Holborn-Hill! Nor didst thou shine less in thy Theological Capacity, when thou gavest ghostly Counsel to dying Felons, and didst record the guilty Pangs of Sabbath-breakers. How will the noble Arts of

* John Overton's Painting and Sculpture now languish! where rich Invention, proper Expression, correct Design, divine Attitudes, and artful Contrast, heighten'd with the Beauties of Clar. Obscur.

* The Engraver of the Cuts before the *Grubstreet* Papers.
embellished

The PREFACE.

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*embellish'd thy celebrated Pieces, to the Delight and Astonishment of the judicious Multitude! Adieu, persuasive Eloquence! the quaint Metaphor, the poignant Irony, the proper Epithet, and the lively Simile, are fled for ever! Instead of these, we shall have, I know not what! — * The Illiterate will tell the rest with Pleasure!*

I HOPE the Reader will excuse this Digression, due by way of Condolance to my worthy Brethren of Grubstreet, for the approaching Barbarity that is likely to overspread all its Regions, by this oppressive and exorbitant Tax. It has been my good Fortune to receive my Education there; and so long as I preserv'd some Figure and Rank amongst the Learned of that Society, I scorn'd to take my Degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, tho' I was offer'd it gratis by the Professors in those Universities.

AND now, that Posterity may not be ignorant in what Age so excellent a History was written (which would otherwise, no doubt, be the Subject of its Enquiries) I think it proper to inform the Learned of future Times, that it was compiled when Lewis the XIVth was King of France, and Philip his Grandson, of Spain; when England and Holland, in conjunction with the Emperor and the Allies, enter'd into a War against these two Princes, which lasted Ten Years, under the Management of the Duke of Marlborough, and was put to a Conclusion by the Treaty of Utrecht,

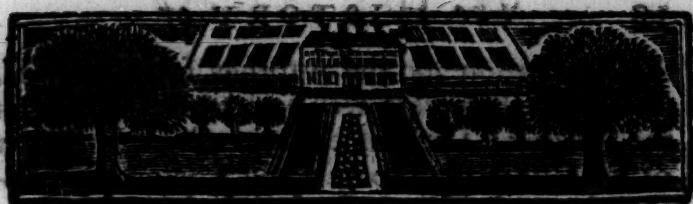
* Vid. Bishop of St. Asaph's Preface.

under the Ministry of the Earl of Oxford; in the Year 1713.

MANY at that time did imagine the History of John Bull, and the Personages mentioned in it, to be Allegorical, which the Author would never own. Notwithstanding, to indulge the Reader's Fancy and Curiosity, I have printed at the bottom of the Page the suppos'd Allusions of the most obscure Parts of the Story.



THE



THE
HISTORY
OF
JOHN BULL.

CHAP. I.

The Occasion of the Law-Suit.

I NEED not tell you of the great Quarrels that have happen'd in our Neighbourhood, since the Death of the late * Lord *Strutt*; how the † Parson, and a cunning Attorney, got him to settle his Estate upon his Cousin *Philp Baboon*, to the great Disappointment of his Cousin Esquire *South*. Some stick not to say,

* Late K. of S.

† Card. *Portocarrero*.

that

that the Parson and the Attorney forged a Will, for which they were well paid by the Family of the *Baboons*: Let that be as it will, it is Matter of Fact, that the Honour and Estate have continued ever since in the Person of *Philip Baboon*.

Y O U know that the Lord *Strutts* have for many Years been possess'd of a very great Landed Estate, well condition'd, wooded, watered, with Coal, Salt, Tin, Copper, Iron, &c. all within themselves; that it has been the Misfortune of that Family to be the Property of their Stewards, Tradesmen, and inferior Servants, which has brought great Incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living, has forc'd them to mortgage their best Manors: It is credibly reported, that the Butchers and Bakers Bill of a Lord *Strutt* that lived two hundred Years ago, are not yet paid.

W H E N *Philip Baboon* came first to the Possession of the Lord *Strutt's* Estate, his * Tradesmen, as is usual upon such Occasions, waited upon him to wish him Joy, and bespeak his Custom: The two chief were, † *John Bull* the Clothier, and ‖ *Nic. Frog* the Linen-draper: They told him, That the *Bulls* and *Frogs* had serv'd the Lord *Strutts* with Drapery Ware for many Years; that they were honest and fair

* The first Letters of Congratulation from K. W----- and the States of H-----d, upon K. P-----'s Accession to the Crown of Sp-----.

† The English.

‖ The Dutch.

Dealers;

Dealers; that their Bills had never been question'd; that the Lord *Strutts* liv'd generously, and never used to dirty their Fingers with Pen, Ink, and Counters; that his Lordship might depend upon their Honesty, that they would use him as kindly as they had done his Predecessors. The young Lord seem'd to take all in good Part, and dismiss'd them with a deal of seeming Content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable Maxims of his Predecessors.

C H A P. II.

How Bull and Frog grew jealous that the Lord Strutt intended to give all his Custom to his Grandfather Lewis Baboon.

IT happen'd unfortunately for the Peace of our Neighbourhood, that this young Lord had an old cunning Rogue, or (as the *Scots* call it) a *false Loon*, of a Grandfather, that one might justly call a *Jack of all Trades*; sometimes you would see him behind his * Counter selling Broad Cloth, sometimes measuring Linen; next Day he would be dealing in Mercery Ware; high Heads, Ribbons, Gloves, Fans, and Lace, he understood to

* The Character and Trade of the *French* Nation.

a Nicety; *Charles Mather* could not bubble a young Beau better with a Toy; nay, he would descend ev'n to the selling of Tape, Garters, and Shoe-Buckles: When Shop was shut up, he would go about the Neighbourhood, and earn Half a Crown by teaching the young Men and Maids to dance. By these Methods he had acquired immense Riches, which he used to squander * away at Back-Sword, Quarter-Staff, and Cudgel-Play, in which he took great Pleasure, and challeng'd all the Country. You will say it is no Wonder if *Bull* and *Frog* should be jealous of this Fellow. " It is not impossible (says *Frog* to " *Bull*) but this old Rogue will take the Manage-
 " ment of the young Lord's Business into his
 " Hands; besides the Rascal has good Ware,
 " and will serve him as cheap as any body. In
 " that case, I leave you to judge what must be-
 " come of us and our Families; we must starve,
 " or turn Journeymen to old *Lewis Baboon*;
 " therefore, Neighbour, I hold it adviseable, that
 " we write to young Lord *Strutt*, to know the
 " Bottom of this Matter.

* The King's Disposition to War.

C H A P. III.

A Copy of Bull and Frog's Letter to Lord Strutt.

My LORD,

I Suppose your Lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all Sorts of Drapery Ware, Time out of Mind: And whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your Lordship intends henceforth to buy of your Grandfire old Lewis Baboon; this is to inform your Lordship, that this Proceeding does not suit with the Circumstances of our Families, who have lived and made a good Figure in the World by the Generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your Lordship, that you must find Sufficient Security to us, our Heirs and Assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or else we will take our Remedy at Law, clap an Action upon you of 20000 l. for old Debts, seize and distrain your Goods and Chattels, which, considering your Lordship's Circumstances, will plunge you into Difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your Lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the Desire of,

Your loving Friends,

John Bull,

Nic: Frog.

SOME

SOME of *Bull's* Friends advised him to take gentler Methods with the young Lord; but *John* naturally lov'd rough Play. It is impossible to express the Surprize of the Lord *Strutt* upon the Receipt of this Letter; he was not flush in *Ready*, either to go to Law, or clear old Debts, neither could he find good Bail: He offered to bring Matters to a friendly Accommodation; and promis'd upon his Word of Honour, that he would not change his Drapers; but all to no Purpose, for *Bull* and *Frog* saw clearly, that old *Lewis* would have the cheating of him.

CHAP IV.

How Bull and Frog went to Law with Lord Strutt about the Premises, and were joyn'd by the rest of the Tradesmen.

ALL Endeavours of Accommodation between Lord *Strutt* and his Drapers prov'd vain; Jealousies increas'd, and indeed it was rumour'd abroad that Lord *Strutt* had bespoke his new Liveries of old *Lewis Baboon*. This coming to Mrs. *Bull's* Ears, when *John Bull* came home, he found all his Family in an uproar. Mrs. *Bull*, you must know, was very apt to be cholerick.

lerick. * *You Sot, says she, you loiter about Alehouses and Taverns, spend your Time at Billiards, Ninepins, or Puppet-shows, or flaunt about the Streets in your new gilt Chariot, never minding me nor your numerous Family. Don't you bear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his Liveries at Lewis Baboon's Shop? Don't you see how that old Fox steals away your Customers, and turns you out of your Business every Day, and you sit like an idle Drone with your Hands in your Pockets? Fie upon't; up Man, rouse thyself; I'll sell to my Shift before I'll be so used by that Knave. You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tun'd up by Frog, who chim'd in with her learned Harangue. No further Delay now, but to Council learned in the Law they go, who unanimously assur'd 'em both of Justice and infallible Success of their Law-Suit.*

I TOLD you before, that old *Lewis Baboon* was a sort of a *fack of all Trades*, which made the rest of the Tradesmen jealous, as well as *Bull* and *Frog*; they hearing of the Quarrel, were glad of an Opportunity of joining against old *Lewis Baboon*, provided that *Bull* and *Frog* would bear the Charges of the Suit; even lying *Ned*, the Chimney-sweeper of *Savoy*, and *Tom* the *Portugal* Dustman, put in their Claims, and the Cause was put into the Hands of *Humphrey Hocus* the Attorney.

* The Sentiments and Addresses of the P—— t at that Time.

A DECLARATION was drawn up, to shew
 “ That *Bull* and *Frog* had undoubted Right by
 “ Prescription to be Drapers to the Lord *Strutts*;
 “ that there were several old Contracts to that
 “ Purpose; that *Lewis Baboon* had taken up the
 “ Trade of Clothier and Draper, without ser-
 “ ving his Time or purchasing his Freedom; that
 “ he sold Goods that were not Marketable, with-
 “ out the Stamp; that he himself was more fit
 “ for a Bully than a Tradesman, and went about
 “ through all the Country Fairs, challenging
 “ People to fight Prizes, Wrestling and Cudgel-
 “ Play; and abundance more to this Purpose.

C H A P. V.

*The true Characters of John Bull, Nic,
 Frog, and Hocus*.*

FOR the better understanding the following
 History, the Reader ought to know, That
Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing
 Fellow, cholerick, bold, and of a very uncon-
 stant Temper; he dreaded not old *Lewis* either
 at Back-Sword, single Faulchion, or Cudgel-Play;
 but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best
 Friends, especially if they pretended to govern

* Characters of the *E*—*fb* and *D*—*b*, and the
G—*l* D. of *M*.

him;

him; If you flatter'd him, you might lead him like a Child. *John's* Temper depended very much upon the Air; his Spirits rose and fell with the Weather-glass. *John* was quick, and understood his Business very well; but no Man alive was more careless in looking into his Accounts, or more cheated by Partners, Apprentices, and Servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon Companion, loving his Bottle and his Diversion; for, to say Truth, no Man kept a better House than *John*, nor spent his Money more generously. By plain and fair dealing. *John* had acquir'd some Plumbs, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy Law-Suit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning fly Whoreson, quite the Reverse of *John* in many Particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestick Affairs; would pinch his Belly to save his Pocket; never lost a Farthing by careless Servants, or bad Debtors. He did not care much for any Sort of Diversions, except Tricks of *High German* Artists, and *Leger-de-main*: no Man exceeded *Nic.* in these; yet it must be owned, that *Nic.* was a fair Dealer, and in that way had acquired immense Riches.

HOCUS was an old cunning Attorney; and tho' this was the first considerable Suit that ever he was engaged in, he shew'd himself superior in Address to most of his Profession: He kept always good Clerks, he lov'd Money, was smooth-tongu'd, gave good Words, and seldom lost his Temper: He was not worse than an Infidel, for
he

he provided plentifully for his Family, but he lov'd himself better than them all: The Neighbours reported that he was Hen-pecked, which was impossible, by such a mild-spirited Woman as his Wife was.

CH A P. VI.

*Of the various Success of the * Law-Suit.*

LA**W** is a bottomless Pit, it is a Cormorant, a Harpy, that devours every Thing. *John Bull* was flatter'd by the Lawyers that his Suit would not last above a Year or two at most; that before that Time he would be in quiet Possession of his Business: Yet ten long Years did *Hocus* steer his Cause through all the Meanders of the Law, and all the Courts. No Skill, no Address was wanting; and, to say truth, *John* did not starve the Cause; there wanted not *Yellow-Boys* to see Council, hire Witnesses, and bribe Juries: Lord *Strutt* was generally cast, never had one Verdict in his Favour; and *John* was promis'd that the next, and the next, would be the final Determination; but alas! that final Determination and happy Conclusion was like an enchanted Island, the nearer *John* came to it, the further it went from him: New Trials upon new

* The Success of the War.

Points still arose; new Doubts, new Matters to be clear'd; in short, Lawyers seldom part with so good a Cause till they have got the Oyster, and their Clients the Shell, *John's* ready Money, Book-Debts, Bonds, Mortgages, all went into the Lawyers Pockets: Then *John* began to borrow Money upon *Bank-Stock* and *East-India* Bonds; now and then a Farm went to pot: At last it was thought a good Expedient to set up Esquire *South's* Title, to prove the Will forg'd, and dispossess *Philip* Lord *Strutt* at once. Here again was a new Field for the Lawyers, and the Cause grew more intricate than ever. *John* grew madder and madder; where-ever he met any of Lord *Strutt's* Servants, he tore off their Cloaths: Now and then you would see them come home naked, without Shoes, Stockings, and Linen. As for old *Lewis Baboon*, he was reduced to his last Shift, tho' he had as many as any other: His Children were reduced from rich Silks to *Doily* Stuffs, his Servants in Rags, and bare-footed; instead of good Victuals, they now lived upon Neck-Beef, and Bullock's-Liver: In short, nobody got much by the Matter, but the Men of Law.

C H A P. VII.

How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his Success, that he was going to leave off his Trade, and turn Lawyer.

IT is wisely observed by a great Philosopher, That Habit is a second Nature: This was verified in the Case of *John Bull*, who from an honest and plain Tradesman, had got such a Haunt about the Courts of Justice, and such a Jargon of Law-words, that he concluded himself as able a Lawyer as any that pleaded at the Bar, or sat on the Bench: He was overheard one Day talking to himself after this Manner, “ * How capriciously does Fate or Chance dispose of Mankind? How seldom is that Business allotted to a Man for which he is fitted by Nature? It is plain, I was intended for a Man of Law: How did my Guardians mistake my Genius, in placing me like a mean Slave behind a Counter? Bless me! What immense Estates these Fellows raise by the Law? Besides, it is the Profession of a Gentleman: What a Pleasure is it to be victorious in a Cause? To swagger at the Bar? What a Fool am I to drudge any

* The Manners and Sentiments of the Nation at that Time.

“ more

“ more in this Woolen Trade? for a Lawyer
 “ I was born, and a Lawyer I will be; one is
 “ never too old to learn.” All this while *John*
 had conn’d over such a Catalogue of hard Words,
 as were enough to conjure up the Devil; these
 he used to babble indifferently in all Companies,
 especially at Coffee-Houses; so that his Neigh-
 bour Tradesmen began to shun his Company as
 a Man that was crack’d. Instead of the Affairs
 of *Blackwell-Hall*, and Price of Broad-Cloth,
 Wool and Bayes, he talks of nothing but *Actions*
upon the Case, Returns, Capias, Alias capias, De-
murrers, Venire facias, Replevins, Superseas’s,
Certiorari’s, Writs of Error, Actions of Trover
and Conversion, Trespasses, Precipes & Dedimus.
 This was matter of Jest to the Learned in
 Law; however, *Hocus*, and the rest of the Tribe,
 encourag’d *John* in his Fancy, assuring him, that
 he had a great Genius for Law; that they
 question’d not but in time, he might raise Money
 enough by it to reimburse him of all his Charges;
 that if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive
 to the Dignity of a Lord Chief Justice: As for
 the Advice of honest Friends and Neighbours,
John despis’d it, he look’d upon them as Fellows
 of a low Genius, poor groveling Mechanics;
John reckon’d it more Honour to have got one
 favourable Verdict, than to have sold a Bale of
 Broad-cloth. As for *Nic. Frog*, to say the Truth,
 he was more prudent; for tho’ he followed his
 Law-Suit closely, he neglected not his ordinary
 Business, but was both in Court and in his Shop
 at the proper Hours.

C H A P. VIII.

*How John discover'd that Hocus had an Intrigue with his Wife *; and what follow'd thereupon.*

JOHN had not run on a madding so long had it not been for an extravagant Bitch of a Wife, whom *Hocus* perceiving *John* to be fond of, was resolv'd to win over to his Side. It is a true Saying, *That the last Man of the Parish that knows of his Cuckoldom, is himself.* It was observed by all the Neighbourhood, that *Hocus* had Dealings with *John's* Wife, that were not so much for his Honour; but this was perceiv'd by *John* a little too late: She was a luxurious Jade, lov'd splendid Equipages, Plays, Treats and Balls, differing very much from the sober Manners of her Ancestors, and by no means fit for a Tradesman's Wife. *Hocus* fed her Extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with *John's* own Money. Every body said that *Hocus* had a Month's mind to her Body; be that as it will, it is matter of Fact, that upon all Occasions she run out extravagantly on the Praise of *Hocus*. When *John* us'd to be finding Fault with his Bills, she us'd to reproach him as un-

* The Opinion at that Time of the G———'s tampering with the P———t.

grateful

grateful to his greatest Benefactor; one that had taken so much Pains in his Law-Suit, and retrieved his Family from the Oppression of old *Lewis Baboon*. A good swinging Sum of *John's* readiest Cash, went towards building of *Hocus's* Country-House. This Affair between *Hocus* and *Mrs. Bull*, was now so open, that all the World were scandaliz'd at it; *John* was not so Clod-pated, but at last he took the Hint. * The Parson of the Parish preaching one Day with more Zeal than Sense against Adultery, *Mrs. Bull* told her Husband, that he was a very uncivil Fellow to use such coarse Language before People of Condition; That *Hocus* was of the same Mind, and that they would join to have him turn'd out of his Living for using Personal Reflections. How do you mean, says *John*, by Personal Reflections? I hope in God, Wife, he did not reflect upon you.

“ No, thank God, my Reputation is too well
 “ established in the World to receive any Hurt
 “ from such a foul-mouth'd Scoundrel as he;
 “ his Doctrine tends only to make Husbands
 “ Tyrants, and Wives Slaves; must we be shut
 “ up, and Husbands left to their Liberty? Very
 “ pretty indeed! a Wife must never go abroad with
 “ a Platonick to see a Play or a Ball; she must
 “ never stir without her Husband; nor walk in
 “ Spring-Garden with a Cousin. I do say, Hut-
 “ band, and I will stand by it, That without the
 “ innocent Freedoms of Life, Matrimony would

* The Story of Dr. Sacheverel, and the Resentment of the H_____ of C_____.

“ be a most intolerable State; and that a Wife’s
 “ Virtue ought to be the Result of her own
 “ Reason, and not of her Husband’s Govern-
 “ ment; for my Part, I would scorn a Husband
 “ that would be jealous, if he saw a Fellow
 “ a-bed with me.” All this while *John’s* Blood
 boiled in his Veins: He was now confirmed in all
 his Suspicions; Jade, Bitch and Whore were the
 best Words that *John* gave her. Things went
 from better to worse, till Mrs. *Bull* aimed a
 Knife at *John*, though *John* threw a Bottle at her
 Head very brutally indeed: And after this, there
 was nothing but Confusion: Bottles, Glasses,
 Spoons, Plates, Knives, Forks, and Dishes flew
 about like Dust; the Result of which was, * That
 Mrs. *Bull* received a Bruise in her Right-side,
 (of which she died half a Year after.) The Bruise
 imposthumated, and afterwards turned to a stink-
 ing Ulcer, which made every Body shy to come
 near her; yet she wanted not the Help of many
 able Physicians, who attended very diligently,
 and did what Men of Skill could do: but all to
 no Purpose, for her Condition was now quite
 desperate, all regular Physicians, and her nearest
 Relations, having given her over.

* The Opinion of the Tories, about that House of C---s.

C H A P. IX.

*How some Quacks undertook to cure Mrs. Bull of her Ulcer.**

TH E R E is nothing so impossible in Nature, but Mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs. Bull's Condition was looked upon as desperate by all the Men of Art; but there were those that bragg'd they had an infallible Ointment and Plaister, which being applied to the Sore, would cure it in a few Days; at the same Time they would give her a Pill that would purge off all her bad Humours, sweeten her Blood, and rectify her disturb'd Imagination: In spite of all Applications, the Patient grew worse every Day; she stunk so, Nobody durst come within a Stone's Throw of her, except those Quacks, who attended her close, and apprehended no Danger. If one asked them how Mrs Bull did? Better and better, said they; the Parts heal, and her Constitution mends; if she submits to our Government, she will be Abroad in a little Time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her Friends in the Country, that she should dance a Jigg next *October* in *Westminster*.

* Endeavours and Hopes of some People, to hinder the Dissolution of that P——t.

Hall, and that her Illness had been chiefly owing to bad Physicians. At last, one of them was sent for in great Haste, his Patient grow worse and worse: When he came, he affirmed that it was a gross Mistake, and that she was never in a fairer Way: Bring hither the Slave, says he, and give her a plentiful Draught of my Cordial. As he was applying his Ointments, and administering the Cordial, the Patient gave up the Ghost, to the great Confusion of the Quack, and the great Joy of *Bull* and his Friends. The Quack flung away out of the House, in great Disorder, and swore there was foul Play, for he was sure his Medicines were infallible. Mrs. *Bull* having died without any Signs of Repentance or Devotion, the Clergy would hardly allow her Christian Burial. The Relations had once resolved to sue *John* for the Murder, but considering better of it, and that such a Trial would rip up old Sores, and discover Things not so much to the Reputation of the Deceased, they dropt their Design. She left no Will, only there was found in her strong Box the following Words wrote on a Scrip of Paper, *My Curse on John Bull, and all my Posterity, if ever they come to any Composition with the Lord Strutt.*

SHE left him three Daughters, whose * Names were *Polemia*, *Discordia*, and *Usuria*.

* War, Faction, and Usury.

C H A P. X.

*Of John Bull's second Wife, and the good Advice that she gave him. **

JOHN quickly got the better of his Grief, and seeing that neither his Constitution, or the Affairs of his Family could permit him to live in an unmarried State, he resolved to get him another Wife; a Cousin of his last Wife's was propos'd, but *John* would have no more of the Breed: In short, he wedded a sober Country Gentlewoman, of a good Family, and a plentiful Fortune; the Reverse of the other in her Temper; not but that she loved Money, for she was saving, and apply'd her Fortune to pay *John's* clamorous Debts, that the unfrugal Methods of his last Wife, and this ruinous Law-Suit, had brought him into. One Day, as she had got her Husband in a good Humour, she talked to him after the following Manner. " My dear, since I have been
 " your Wife, I have observed great Abuses and
 " Disorders in your Family; your Servants are
 " mutinous and quarrelsome, and cheat you most
 " abominably; your Cook-Maid is in a Combination with your Butcher, Poulterer and Fish-

* A new P——t; the Aversion of a Tory H—— of C——s to War.

“ monger ; your Butler purloins your Liquor,
“ and the Brewer sells your Hogwash ; your
“ Baker cheats both in Weight and in Tale ;
“ even your Milkwoman and your Nursery-
“ Maid have a Fellow-feeling ; your Taylor,
“ instead of Shreds, cabages whole Yards of
“ Cloth ; besides, leaving such long Scores, and
“ not going to Market with ready Money, for-
“ ces us to take bad Ware of the Tradesmen,
“ at their own Price. You have not posted
“ your Books these Ten Years ; how is it possible
“ for a Man of Business to keep his Affairs even
“ in the World at this rate ? ’Pray God this
“ *Hocus* be honest ; would to God you would
“ look over his Bills, and see how Matters stand
“ between *Frog* and you ; prodigious Sums are
“ spent in this Law Suit, and more must be
“ borrowed of Scriveners and Usurers at heavy
“ Interest. Besides, my Dear, let me beg of
“ you to lay aside that wild Project of leaving
“ your Business to turn Lawyer, for which, let
“ me tell you, Nature never design’d you. Be-
“ lieve me, these Rogues do but flatter, that
“ they may pick your Pocket ; observe what a
“ parcel of hungry ragged Fellows live by your
“ Cause ; to be sure they will never make an End
“ on’t ; I foresee this Haunt you have got about
“ the Courts, will one Day or another, bring
“ your Family to Beggary. Consider, my Dear,
“ how indecent it is to abandon your Shop, and
“ follow Pettifoggers ; the Habit is so strong
“ upon you, that there is hardly a Plea between
“ two Country Esquires about a barren Acre
“ upon

“ upon a Common, but you draw your self in
 “ as Bail, Surety or Sollicitor.” *John* heard her
 all this while with Patience, ’till she pricked his
 Maggot, and touched him in the tender Point;
 then he broke out into a violent Passion, “ What,
 “ I not fit for a Lawyer! let me tell you, my
 “ Clodpated Relations spoil’d the greatest Genius
 “ in the World, when they bred me a Mechanick.
 “ Lord *Strutt*, and his old Rogue of a Grandfire,
 “ have found to their Cost, that I can manage
 “ a Law-Suit as well as another.” “ I don’t deny
 “ what you say, reply’d *Mrs Bull*, nor do I call
 “ in Question your Parts; but, I say, it does not
 “ suit with your Circumstances; you and your
 “ Predecessors have lived in good Reputation
 “ among your Neighbours by this same Cloath-
 “ ing-Trade, and it were Madness to leave it off.
 “ Besides, there are few that know all the
 “ Tricks and Cheats of these Lawyers; does not
 “ your own Experience teach you, how they
 “ have drawn you on from one Term to another,
 “ and how you have danc’d the Round of all the
 “ Courts, still flattering you with a final Issue,
 “ and, for ought I can see, your Cause is not a
 “ bit clearer than it was Seven Years ago.” “ I
 “ will be damn’d, says *John*, if I accept of any
 “ Composition from *Strutt* or his Grandfather;
 “ I’ll rather wheel about the Streets an Engine
 “ to grind Knives and Scissars; however, I’ll take
 “ your Advice, and look over my Accompts.

C H A P. XI.

*How John look'd over his Attorney's Bill.**

WHEN *John* first brought out the Bills, the Surprize of all the Family was unexpressible, at the prodigious Dimensions of them, they would have measured with the best Bale of Cloth in *John's* Shop. Fees to Judges, puny Judges, Clerks, Prothonotaries, Philizers, Chirographers, Under-clerks, Proclamators, Council, Witnesses, Jury-men, Marshals, Tipstuffs, Cryers, Porters; for Enrollings, Exemplifications, Bails, Vouchers, Returns, Caveats, Examinations, Filings of Words, Entries, Declarations, Replications, Recordats, *Nolle Prosequi's*, *Certiorari's*, *Mittimus's*, Demurrers, Special Verdicts, Informations, *Scire Facias*, *Supersedeas*, *Habeas Corpus*, Coach-hire, Treating of Witnesses, &c. Verily, says *John*, there are a prodigious Number of learned Words in this Law, what a pretty Science it is! Ay, but Husband, you have paid for every Syllable and Letter of these fine Words; bless me, what immense Sums are at the bottom of the Accompt! *John* spent several Weeks in looking over his Bills, and by comparing and stating his Accompts, he dis-

* Looking over the Accompts.

covered,

covered, that, besides the Extravagance of every Article, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had paid for Council that were never fee'd, for Writs that were never drawn, for Dinners that were never dress'd, and Journeys that were never made: In short, that the Tradesmen, Lawyers and *Frog*, had agreed to throw the Burden of the Law-Suit upon his Shoulders.

C H A P. XII.

*How John grew angry, and resolved to accept a Composition; * and what Methods were practis'd by the Lawyers for keeping him from it.*

WELL might the Learned *Daniel Burges* say, *That a Law-Suit is a Suit for Life.* He that sows his Grain upon Marble, will have many a hungry Belly before Harvest. This *John* felt by woful Experience. *John's* Cause was a good milch Cow, and many a Man subsisted his Family out of it. However *John* began to think it high time to look about him. He had a Cousin in the Country, one *Sir Roger Bold*, whose Predecessors had been bred up to the Law, and knew as much of it as any Body;

* Talk of Peace; and the Struggle of the Party against it.

but having left off the Profession for some time, they took great Pleasure in Compounding Law-Suits amongst their Neighbours, for which they were the Aversion of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, and at perpetual War with all the Country Attorneys. *John* put his Cause in Sir *Roger's* Hands, desiring him to make the best of it; the News had no sooner reach'd the Ears of the Lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. * They brought all the rest of the Tradesmen upon *John*: 'Squire *South* swore he was betray'd, that he would starve before he compounded; *Frog* said he was highly wrong'd; even lying *Ned* the Chimney-sweeper, and *Tom* the Dustman complain'd, that their Interest was sacrific'd; the Lawyers, Solicitors, *Hocus* and his Clerks, were all up in Arms, at the News of the Composition; † they abus'd him and his Wife most shamefully, " You
 " filly, aukward, ill-bred, Country-Sow, (quoth
 " one) have you no more Manners than to rail
 " at *Hocus*, that has sav'd that Clod-pated, Num-
 " skull'd Ninny-hammer of yours from Ruin,
 " and all his Family? It is well known how he
 " has rose early and sat up late to make him easy,
 " when he was fotting at every Ale-house in
 " Town. I knew his last Wife, she was a
 " Woman of Breeding, good Humour, and
 " Complaisance, knew how to live in the World;
 " As for you, you look like a Puppet mov'd by

* The Endeavours made use of to stop the Treaty of Peace.

† Reflections upon the H ——— of C ———, as ignorant, who knew nothing of Business.

" Clock-work;

“ Clock-work; your Cloaths hang upon you, as
“ they were upon Tenter-hooks, and you come
“ into a Room as you were going to steal away
“ a Piss-pot; get you gone in the Country to
“ look after your Mother’s Poultry, to milk the
“ Cows, churn the Butter, and dress up Nose-
“ gays for a Holy-day, and meddle not with
“ Matters that you know no more of, than the
“ Sign-post before your Door: It is well known
“ that *Hocus* has an establish’d Reputation, he
“ never swore an Oath, nor told a Lie in all his
“ Life: He is grateful to his Benefactors, faith-
“ ful to his Friends, liberal to his Dependants,
“ and dutiful to his Superiors; he values not
“ your Money more than the Dust under his
“ Feet, but he hates to be abus’d: Once for all,
“ Mrs. *Mynx*, leave off talking of *Hocus*, or I
“ will pull out these Saucer Eyes of yours, and
“ make that redstreak Country Face look as raw
“ as an Ox Cheek upon a Butcher’s Stall; re-
“ member, I say, that there are Pillories and
“ Ducking-Stools.” With this away they flung,
leaving Mrs. *Bull* no time to reply: No Stone
was left unturn’d to fright *John* from his Com-
position. Sometimes they spread Reports at
Coffee-houses, That *John* and his Wife were
run mad; that they intended to give up House,
and make over all their Estate to old *Lewis*
Baboon; That *John* had been often heard talking
to himself, and seen in the Streets without Shoes
or Stockings; That he did nothing from Morn-
ing to Night but beat his Servants, after having
been the best Master alive: As for his Wife, she
was

was a meer Natural. Sometimes *John's* House was beset with a whole Regiment of Attorney's Clerks, Bailiffs and Bailiffs-Followers, and other small Retainers of the Law, who threw Stones at his Windows, and Dirt at himself, as he went along the Street. When *John* complain'd of want of ready Money to carry on his Suit, they advis'd him to pawn his Plate and Jewels, and that Mrs. *Bull* should sell her Linen and wearing Cloaths.

C H A P. XIII.

*Mrs. Bull's Vindication of the indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom, incumbent upon Wives, in case of the Tyranny, Infidelity, or Insufficiency of Husbands: Being a full Answer to the Doctor's Sermon against Adultery. **

JOHN found daily fresh Proofs of the Infidelity and bad Designs of his deceas'd Wife; amongst other Things, one Day looking over his Cabinet, he found the following Paper.

IT is evident that Matrimony is founded upon an *original Contract*, whereby the Wife makes

* The Tories Representation of the Speeches at *Sacheverel's* Trial.

over the Right she has by the Law of Nature to the *Concubitus vagus*, in favour of the Husband; by which he acquires the Property of all her Posterity. But then the Obligation is mutual: And where the Contract is broken on one Side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a Right, there must be a Power to maintain it, and to punish the offending Party. This Power I affirm to be that Original Right, or rather that indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom, lodg'd in all Wives, in the Cases above-mentioned. No Wife is bound by any Law to which her-self has not consented: All Oeconomical Government is lodg'd originally in the Husband and Wife, the executive Part being in the Husband; both have their Privileges secur'd to them by Law and Reason; but will any Man infer from the Husband's being invested with the executive Power, that the Wife is depriv'd of her Share, and that which is the Principal Branch of it, the original Right of Cuckoldom? And that she has no Remedy left but *Preces & Lacrymæ*, or an Appeal to a supreme Court of Judicature? No less frivolous are the Arguments that are drawn from the general Appellations and Terms of Husband and Wife: A Husband denotes several different Sorts of Magistracy, according to the Usages and Customs of different Climates and Countries. In some Eastern Nations it signifies a Tyrant, with the absolute Power of Life and Death: In *Turkey* it denotes an Arbitrary Governor, with Power of perpetual Imprisonment: In *Italy* it gives the Husband the Power of Poison and Padlocks: In
the

the Countries of *England, France and Holland*, it has a quite different Meaning, implying a free and equal Government, securing to the Wife in certain Cases the Liberty of Cuckoldom, and the Property of Pin-money, and separate Maintenance. So that the Arguments drawn from the Terms of Husband and Wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical Doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited Chastity, and conjugal Fidelity.

THE general Exhortations to Chastity in Wives are meant only for Rules in ordinary Cases, but they naturally suppose the three Conditions of Ability, Justice and Fidelity in the Husband; such an unlimited, uncondition'd Fidelity in the Wife could never be suppos'd by reasonable Men; it seems a Reflection upon the Ch—ch, to charge her with Doctrines that countenance Oppression.

THIS Doctrine of the original Right of Cuckoldom is congruous to the Law of Nature, which is superior to all human Laws, and for that I dare appeal to all Wives: It is much to the Honour of our *English* Wives, that they have never given up that *fundamental Point*; and that tho' in former Ages they were muffled up in Darkness and Superstition, yet that Notion seem'd engraven on their Minds, and the Impression so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the Illegality of Cuckoldom, upon any Pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious Colours upon the married State, to blacken the necessary Means of perpetuating Families: such Laws can never be suppos'd to have been design'd to defeat the very End of Matrimony, the Propagation of Mankind. I call them necessary Means, for in many Cases what other Means are left? Such a Doctrine wounds the Honour of Families, unsettles the Titles to Kingdoms, Honours and Estates; for if the Actions from which such Settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too; but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the Cause that *Europe* groans, at present, under the heavy Load of a cruel and expensive War, but the tyrannical Custom of a certain Nation, and the scrupulous Nicety of a silly Quean, in not exercising this indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom, whereby the Kingdom might have had an Heir, and a controverted Succession might have been avoided? These are the Effects of the narrow Maxims of your Clergy, *That one must not do Evil, that Good may come of it.*

THE Assertors of this indefeasible Right, and *Jus Divinum* of Matrimony, do all in their Hearts favour Gallants, and the Pretenders to married Women; for if the true legal Foundation of the married State be once sapp'd, and instead thereof tyrannical Maxims introduc'd, what must follow but

but Elopements, instead of secret and peaceable Cuckoldom?

FROM all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the Absurdity of the Doctrine of this seditious, discontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying Preacher, asserting, *That the Grand Security of the matrimonial State, and the Pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the Wife's Belief of an absolute unconditional Fidelity to the Husband's Bed:* By which bold Assertion he strikes at the Root, digs the Foundation, and removes the Basis upon which the Happiness of a married State is built. As for his personal Reflections, I would gladly know who are those *Wanton Wives* he speaks of? who are those *Ladies* of high Stations, that he so boldly traduces in his Sermon? It is pretty plain who these Aspersions are aim'd at, for which he deserves the Pillory or something worse.

IN Confirmation of this Doctrine of the indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom, I could bring the Example of the wisest Wives in all Ages, who by these Means have preserv'd their Husband's Families from Ruin and Oblivion, by want of Posterity; but what has been said, is a sufficient Ground for punishing this pragmatical Parson.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

*The two great Parties of Wives, the * Devoto's and the Hitts.*

THE Doctrine of unlimited Chastity and Fidelity in Wives, was universally espous'd by all Husbands; who went about the Country, and made the Wives sign Papers, signifying their utter Detestation and Abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked Doctrine of the indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native Liberty; which gave rise to two great Parties amongst the Wives, the *Devoto's* and the *Hitts*. Tho' it must be own'd, the Distinction was more nominal than real; for the *Devoto's* would abuse Freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguished by the Name of *Hitts*, were often very honest. At the same time there was an ingenious Treatise came out, with the Title of *Good Advice to Husbands*; in which they are counsell'd not to trust too much to their Wives owning the Doctrine of unlimited conjugal Fidelity, and so to neglect Family Duty, and a due Watchfulness over the Manners of their

* Those who were for and against the Doctrine of *Nonresistance*.

Wives;

Wives; that the greatest Security to Husbands was a vigorous Constitution, good Usage of their Wives, and keeping them from Temptation; many Husbands having been Sufferers by their trusting too much to general Professions, as was exemplified in the Case of a foolish and negligent Husband, who trusting to the Efficacy of this Principle, was undone by his Wife's Elopement from him.

C H A P. XV.

*An Account of the Conference between Mrs. Bull and * Don Diego.*

THE Lawyers, as their last Effort to put off the Composition, sent *Don Diego* to *John*. *Don Diego* was a very worthy Gentleman, a Friend to *John*, his Mother and present Wife; and therefore suppos'd to have some Influence over her: He had been ill us'd himself, by *John's* Lawyers, but because of some Animosity to Sir Roger, was against the Composition: The Conference between him and Mrs. *Bull* was Word for Word as follows.

* A Tory Nobleman, who by his Influence upon the H--- of C-----s endeavour'd to stop the Treaty.

Don

Don Diego. Is it possible, Cousin *Bull*, that you can forget the honourable Maxims of the Family you are come of, and break your Word with three of the honestest best-meaning Persons in the World, Esquire *South*, *Frog*, and *Hocus*, that have sacrificed their Interest to yours? It is base to take Advantage of their Simplicity and Credulity, and leave them in the Lurch at last.

Mrs. Bull. I am sure they have left my Family in a bad Condition, we have hardly Money to go to Market; and no body will take our Words for Six Pence. A very fine Spark this Esquire *South*! My Husband took him in, a dirty, snotty-nos'd Boy, it was the Business of half the Servants to attend him, * the Rogue did bawl and make such a Noise: Sometimes he fell in the Fire and burnt his Face, sometimes broke his Shins clambering over the Benches, often piss'd a-Bed, and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragg'd through the Kennel at a Boarding-School. He lost his Money at Chuck-Farthing, Shuffle-Cap, and all-Fours; sold his Books, pawn'd his Linen, which we were always forc'd to redeem. Then the whole Generation of him are so in love with Bagpipes and Puppet-Shews! I wish you knew what my Husband has paid at the Pastry Cook's and Confectioner's for *Naples* Biscuit, Tarts, Custards, and Sweet-Meats. All this while my

* Something relating to the Manners of a great Prince, Superstition, love of Operas, Shows, &c.

Husband

Husband considered him as a Gentleman of a good Family that had fallen into Decay, gave him good Education, and has settled him in a good credible Way of Living, having procur'd him by his Interest, one of the best Places of the Country: And what Return, think you, does this fine Gentleman make us? he will hardly give me or my Husband a good Word, or a civil Expression: * Instead of *Sir* and *Madam* (which tho' I say it, is our Due) he calls us *Goody* and *Gaffer* such a one; says, he did us a great deal of Honour to Board with us; huffs and dings at such a rate, because we will not spend the little we have left to get him the Title and Estate of Lord *Strutt*; and then forsooth, we shall have the Honour to be his Woolen-drapers. Besides, Esquire *South* will be Esquire *South* still; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so when he depends on us for his daily Bread, can any Man say what he will do, when he is got above the World?

D. Diego. AND would you lose the Honour of so noble and generous an Undertaking? Would you rather accept this scandalous Composition, and trust that old Rogue, *Lewis Baboon*?

Mrs. Bull. Look you, Friend *Diego*, if we Law it on till *Lewis* turns honest, I am afraid our Credit will run low at *Blackwell-Hall*. I wish every Man had his own; but I still say,

* Something relating to Forms and Titles.

that Lord *Strutt's* Money shines as bright, and chinks as well as Esquire *South's*. I don't know any other hold that we Tradesmen have of these great Folks, but their Interest; buy dear and sell cheap, and I'll warrant ye you will keep your Customer. The worst is, that Lord *Strutt's* Servants have got such a Haunt about that old Rogue's Shop, that it will cost us many a Firkin of strong Beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad Road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego. BUT poor *Frog*, what has he done! On my Conscience, if there be an honest, sincere Man in the World, it is that *Frog*.

Mrs. Bull. I think I need not tell you how much *Frog* has been obliged to our * Family from his Childhood; he carries his Head high now, but he had never been the Man he is, without our Help. Ever since the Commencement of this Law-Suit it has been the Business of *Hocus*, in sharing our Expences, to plead for *Frog*. Poor *Frog* (says he) is in hard Circumstances, he has a numerous Family, and lives from Hand to Mouth; his Children don't eat a bit of good Victuals from one Year's end to the other, but live upon Salt Herring, sowre Crud, and Borecole; he does his utmost, poor Fellow, to keep Things even in the World, and has exerted himself be-

* Complaints of the H--- of C-----s of the unequal Burden of the War.

you'd

yond his Ability in this Law-Suit; but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this Hundred Pounds? place it upon your Side of the Account; it is a great deal to poor Frog, and a Trifle to you. This has been Hocus's constant Language, and I am sure he has had Obligations enough to us to have acted another Part.

D. Diego. No doubt *Hocus* meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted charitable Man; *Frog* is indeed in hard Circumstances.

Mrs. Bull. Hard Circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last Degree. * All the Time of the Law-Suit, as fast as I have mortgaged, *Frog* has purchas'd: From a plain Tradesman, with a Shop, Warehouse, and a Country Hutt, with a dirty Fish-Pond at the End of it, he is now grown a very rich Country Gentleman, with a noble landed Estate, noble Palaces, Mannors, Parks, Gardens, and Farms, finer than any we were ever Master of. Is it not strange, when my Husband disburs'd great Sums every Term, *Frog* should be purchasing some new Farm or Manor? So that if this Law-Suit lasts, he will be far the richest Man in his Country. What is worse than all this, he steals away my Customers every Day; Twelve of the richest and the best have left my Shop by his Persuasion, and whom, to my certain Knowledge, he has under Bonds never to return again: Judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

* The D———b Acquisitions in Flanders.

D. Diego.

D. Diego. FROG is indeed pretty close in his Dealings, but very honest: You are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some Mistake in this.

Mrs. Bull. A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how *Hocus*, and those Rogues, kept my Husband *John Bull* drunk for five Years together, with Punch and Strong Waters; I am sure he never went one Night sober to Bed, till they got him to sign the strangest Deed that ever you saw in your Life. The Methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another Time: at present I'll read only the Writing.

** Articles of Agreement betwixt John Bull, Clothier, and Nicholas Frog, Linen-draper.*

I. THAT for maintaining the ancient good Correspondence and Friendship between the said Parties, I Nicholas Frog do solemnly engage and promise to keep Peace in John Bull's Family; that neither his Wife, Children, nor Servants give him any Trouble, Disturbance, or Molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their Duty quietly in their respective Stations: And whereas the said John Bull, from the assured Confidence that he has in my Friendship, has appointed me Executor of his last Will and Testament, and Guar-

** The Sentiments of the H ——— of C ———s, and their Representation of the B ———r Tr ———y.*

dian

dian to his Children, I do undertake for me, my Heirs and Assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its Parts by John Bull, or any body else: For that Purpose it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his House at any Hour of the Day or Night, to break open Bars, Bolts, and Doors, Chests of Drawers, and strong Boxes, in order to secure the Peace of my Friend John Bull's Family, and to see his Will duly executed.

II. IN Consideration of which kind neighbourly Office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleas'd to accept of the aforesaid Trust, I John Bull, having duly considered that my Friend Nicholas Frog at this Time lives in a marshy Soil and unwholesome Air, infested with Fogs and Damps, destructive of the Health of himself, Wife, and Children; do bind and oblige me, my Heirs and Assigns, to purchase for the said Nicholas Frog, with the best and readiest of my Cash, Bonds, Mortgages, Goods and Chattels, a landed Estate, with Parks, Gardens, Palaces, Rivers, Fields, and Outlets, consisting of as large Extent as the said Nicholas Frog shall think fit. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog is at present hem'd in too close by the Grounds of Lewis Baboon, Master of the Science of Defence, I the said John Bull do oblige myself, with the readiest of my Cash, to purchase and enclose the said Grounds, for as many Fields and Acres as the said Nicholas shall think fit; to the intent that the said Nicholas may have free Egress and Regress

JOHN BULL. 49

Regress, without Lett or Molestation, suitable to the Demands of himself and Family.

III. FURTHERMORE, *the said John Bull obliges himself to make the Country Neighbours of Nicholas Frog allot a certain Part of yearly Rents, to pay for the Repairs of the said landed Estate, to the Intent that his good Friend Nicholas Frog may be eased of all Charges.*

IV. AND *whereas the said Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceas'd Lord Strutt about certain Liberties, Privileges, and Immunities, formerly in the Possession of the said John Bull; I the said John Bull do freely, by these Presents, renounce, quit, and make over to the said Nicholas, the Liberties, Privileges, and Immunities contracted for, in as full manner, as if they never had belonged to me.*

V. THE *said John Bull obliges himself, his Heirs and Assigns, not to sell one Rag of Broad or Coarse Cloth to any Gentleman, within the Neighbourhood of the said Nicholas, except in such Quantities and such Rates, as the said Nicholas shall think fit.*

Sign'd and Seal'd,

JOHN BULL.
NIC. FROG.

The Reading of this Paper put Mrs. Bull in such a Passion, that she fell downright into
VOL. II. C a Fit,

a Fit, and they were forced to give her a good Quantity of the Spirit of Hartshorn before she recovered.

D. Diego. Why in such a Passion, Cousin? Considering your Circumstances at that Time, I don't think this such an unreasonable Contract. You see *Frog*, for all this, is religiously true to his Bargain; he scorns to hearken to any Composition without your Privacy.

Mrs. Bull. You know the * contrary. Read that Letter.

[*Reads the Superscription.*] For *Lewis Baboon*, Master of the Noble Science of Defence.

S I R,

I Understand that you are at this Time treating with my Friend John Bull, about restoring the Lord Strutt's Custom, and besides allowing him certain Privileges of Parks and Fish-ponds; I wonder how you, that are a Man that knows the World, can talk with that simple Fellow. He has been my Bubble these twenty Years, and to my certain Knowledge, understands no more of his own Affairs, than a Child in Swaddling Cloaths. I know he has got a Sort of a pragmatistical silly Jade of a Wife, that pretends to take him out of my Hands: But you and she both will find yourselves mistaken; I'll find those that shall manage her; and for him,

* Secret Negotiations of the ~~Duke~~ at that Time.

he

JOHN BULL. 51

he dares as well be hanged, as make one step in his Affairs without my Consent. If you will give me what you promised him, I will make all Things easy, and stop the Deeds of Ejectment against Lord Strutt: If you will not, take what follows: I shall have a good Action against you, for pretending to rob me of my Bubble. Take this Warning from

Your loving Friend,

NIC. FROG.

I AM told, Cousin *Diego*, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green bag yourself, rather than we shall make an End of our Law-Suit: I'll teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego. FOR God's Sake, Madam, why so cholerick? I say this Letter is some Forgery; it never entered into the Head of that honest Man, *Nic. Frog*, to do any such Thing.

Mrs. Bull. I CAN'T abide you: You have been railing these Twenty Years at 'Squire *South*, *Frog*, and *Hocus*, calling them Rogues and Pick-pockets, and now they are turned the honestest Fellows in the World. What is the Meaning of all this?

D. Diego. PRAY tell me how you came to employ this Sir *Roger* in your Affairs, and not think of your old Friend *Diego*?

Mrs. Bull. So, so, there it pinches. To tell you Truth, I have employed Sir *Roger* in several weighty Affairs, and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor Man always scorned to take a Farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great Zeal, but they are damnably greedy of the Pence. My Husband and I are now in such Circumstances, that we must be served upon cheaper Terms than we have been.

D. Diego. Well, Cousin, I find I can do no good with you; I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this Sir *Roger*.

C H A P. XVI.

*How the Guardians of the deceas'd Mrs. Bull's three Daughters came to John, and what Advice they gave him; wherein is briefly treated, the Characters of the three Daughters: Also John Bull's Answer to the three Guardians.**

I Told you in a former Chapter, that *Mrs. Bull*, before she departed this Life, had blessed *John* with three Daughters. I need not here repeat

* Concerns of the Party, and Speeches for carrying on the War, &c. Sentiments of the Tories and H—— of C——s against continuing the War, for setting King Ch—— upon the Throne of S——n.

their Names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous Reflections upon young Ladies, whose Reputations ought be very tenderly handled; but the Characters of these were so well known in the Neighbourhood, that it is doing them no Injury, to make a short Description of them.

* THE eldest was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate Wench, as ever breath'd; she used to rantipole about the House, pinch the Children, kick the Servants, and torture the Cats and the Dogs; she would rob her Father's strong Box, for Money to give the young Fellows that she was fond of: She had a noble Air, and something great in her Mien, but such a noisome infectious Breath, as threw all the Servants that dress'd her, into Consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest Nosegay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted: She used to come home in her Cups, and break the China, and the Looking-glasses; and was of such an irregular Temper, and so entirely given up to her Passion, that you might argue as well with the North Wind, as with her Ladyship: So expensive, that the Income of three Dukedoms was not enough to supply her Extravagance. *Hocus* loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the Body of Mrs. Bull.

|| THE second Daughter, born a Year after her Sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-condition'd Creature as ever was, ugly as the Devil, lean,

* *Polemia*,

|| *Discordia*.

C 3

haggard.

haggard, pale, with saucer Eyes, a sharp Nose, and hunch-back'd; but active, sprightly, and diligent about her Affairs. Her ill Complexion was occasioned by her bad Diet, which was Coffee, Morning, Noon and Night: She never rested quietly abed; but used to disturb the whole Family with shrieking out in her Dreams, and plague them next Day with interpreting them, for she took them all for Gospel: She would cry out Murder, and disturb the whole Neighbourhood; and when *John* came running down Stairs to enquire what the Matter was, nothing forth, only her Maid had stuck a Pin wrong in her Gown: She turned away one Servant for putting too much Oil in her Salad, and another for putting too little Salt in her Water-Gruel; but such as by Flattery had procured her Esteem, she would indulge in the greatest Crimes. Her Father had two Coachmen; when one was in the Coach-box, if the Coach swung but the least to one Side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the Street concluded she was overturned; but tho' the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole Family, she was very angry with her Father for turning him away. Then she used to carry Tales and Stories from one to another, till she had set the whole Neighbourhood together by the Ears; and this was the only Diversion she took Pleasure in. She never went Abroad, but she brought home such a Bundle of monstrous Lies, as would have amazed any Mortal, but such as knew her: Of a Whale that had swallowed a Fleet of Ships; of the Lions being let out

out of the *Tower*, to destroy the Protestant Religion; of the Pope's being seen in a Brandy-shop at *Wapping*; and a prodigious strong Man that was going to shove down the Cupola of *St. Paul's*; of three Millions of Five Pound Pieces that 'Squire *South* had found under an old Wall; of Blazing Stars, Flying Dragons, and abundance of such Stuff. All the Servants in the Family made high Court to her, for she domineer'd there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old Grudge between her and Sir *Roger*, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire Fellows to squirt Kennel-Water upon him as he pass'd along the Streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a Surtout of oil'd Cloth, by which Means he came home pretty clean, except where the Surtout was a little scanty.

* As for the third, she was a Thief, and a common mercenary Prostitute, and that without any Solicitation from Nature, for she owned she had no Enjoyment. She had no Respect of Persons, a Prince or a Porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest Gentleman in the World, to go to an ugly pocky Fellow, for Six-pence more. In the Practice of her Profession, she had amass'd vast Magazines of all Sorts of Things; she had above Five Hundred Suits of fine Cloaths, and yet went abroad like a Cynder-Wench: She robbed and starved all the Servants, so that Nobody could live near her.

* *Usurp.*

So much for *John's* three Daughters, which you will say were Rarities to be fond of: Yet Nature will shew itself; Nobody could blame their Relations for taking Care of them; and therefore it was that *Hocus*, with two other of the Guardians, thought it their Duty to take Care of the Interest of the three Girls, and give *John* their best Advice before he compounded the Law-Suit.

Hocus. WHAT makes you so shy of late, my good Friend? There's Nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more Pains in your Affairs: As I hope to be saved, I would do any thing to serve you; I would crawl upon all Four to serve you; I have spent my Health and paternal Estate in your Service. I have, indeed, a small Pitance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a Conscience as any Man; but the Thoughts of this disgraceful Composition so touches me to the Quick, that I cannot sleep: After I had brought the Cause to the last Stroke, that one Verdict more had quite ruined old *Lewis*, and Lord *Strutt*, and put you in the quiet Possession of every thing, then to compound! I cannot bear it. This Cause was my Favourite, I had set my Heart upon it; it is like an only Child; I cannot endure it should miscarry: For God's Sake consider only to what a dismal Condition old *Lewis* is brought. He is at an End of all his Cash; his Attorneys have hardly one Trick left; they are at an End of all their *Chicane*; besides, he has both his Law and his daily Bread now upon Trust.

Hold

Hold out only one Term longer, and I'll warrant you before the next, we shall have him in the *Fleet*. I'll bring him to the Pillory, his Ears shall pay for his Perjuries. For the Love of God don't compound: Let me be damn'd if you have a Friend in the World that loves you better than I: There is no body can say I am covetous, or that I have any Interest to pursue but yours.

2d Guardian. THERE is nothing so plain, as that this *Lewis* has a Design to ruin all his neighbouring Tradesmen; and at this Time he has such a prodigious Income by his Trade of all kinds, that if there is not some Stop put to his exorbitant Riches, he will monopolize every thing; no body will be able to sell a Yard of Drapery or Mercery Ware but himself. I then hold it adviseable that you continue the Law-Suit, and burst him at once. My Concern for the three poor motherless Children obliges me to give you this Advice; for their Estates, poor Girls! depend upon the Success of this Cause.

3d Guardian. I own this Writ of Ejectment has cost dear; but then consider it is a Jewel well worth the Purchasing at the Price of all you have. None but Mr. *Bull's* declar'd Enemies can say, he has any other Security for his Cloathing Trade, but the Ejectment of Lord *Strutt*. The only Question then that remains to be decided, is, Who shall stand the Expences of the Suit? To which the Answer is as plain, Who but he that is to have the Advantage of the Sentence? When

Esquire *South* has got Possession of his Title and Honour, is not *John Bull* to be his Clothier? Who then but *John* ought to put him in Possession? Ask but any indifferent Gentleman, who ought to bear his Charges at Law? and he will readily answer, his Tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to Death with it, that, being his Clothier you ought to put him in quiet Possession of his Estate; and, with the same generous Spirit you have begun it, compleat the good Work. If you persist in the bad Measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor Orphans? My Heart bleeds for the poor Girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent Persons, but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more Concern for the three Girls than for me; I think my Interest ought to be considered in the first Place. As for you, *Hocus*, I can't but say you have manag'd my Law-Suit with great Address, and much to my Honour; and tho' I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the Burthen be taken off *Frog's* Back, and laid upon my Shoulders? He can drive about his own Parks and Fields in his gilt Chariot, when I have been forc'd to mortgage my Estate: His Note will go farther than my Bond. Is it not Matter of Fact, that from the richest Tradesman in all the Country, I am reduc'd to beg and borrow from Scriveners and Usurers, that suck the Heart, Blood, and Guts out of me, and what is all this for? Did you like *Frog's* Countenance better than mine? Was not I your old Friend and Relation?

lation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole Family? Have you not had an hundred Yards at a time of the finest Cloth in my Shop? Why must the rest of the Tradesmen be not only indemnify'd from Charges, but forbid to go on with their own Business, and what is more their Concern than mine? As to holding out this Term, I appeal to your own Conscience, has not that been your constant Discourse these Six Years, *One Term more, and old Lewis goes to pot.* If thou art so fond of my Cause, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of Thousands. Ah *Hocus! Hocus!* I know thee, not a Sous to save me from Gaol, I trow. Look ye, Gentlemen, I have liv'd with Credit in the World, and it grieves my Heart, never to stir out of my Doors, but to be pull'd by the Sleeve by some rascally Dun or other; *Sir, Remember my Bill: There's a small Concern of a Thousand Pounds; I hope you think on't, Sir.* And to have these Usurers transact my Debts at Coffee-Houses and Ale-Houses, as if I were going to break up Shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous, *John Bull*, Clothier, the Envy of all his Neighbours, should be brought to compound his Debts for Five Shillings in the Pound; and to have his Name in an Advertisement for a Statute of Bankrupt. The Thought of it makes me mad. I have read somewhere in the *Apocrypha*, That one should not consult with a Woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a Merchant concerning Exchange; nor with a Buyer or Selling; nor with an unmerciful Man of Kindness, &c. I could have added
one

one thing more, *Nor with an Attorney, about Compounding a Law-Suit.* The Ejectment of Lord *Strutt* will never do. The Evidence is crimp; the Witnesses swear backwards and forwards, and contradict Themselves; and his Tenants stick by him. One tells me that I must carry on my Suit, because *Lewis* is poor; another, because he is still too rich: whom shall I believe? I am sure of one Thing, that a Penny in the Purse is the best Friend *John* can have at last, and who can say that this will be the last Suit I shall be engag'd in? Besides, if this Ejectment were practicable, it is reasonable, that when Esquire *South* is losing his Money to Sharpers and Pick-pockets, going about the Country with Fiddlers and Buffoons, and squandering his Income with Hawks and Dogs, I should lay out the Fruits of my honest Industry in a Law-Suit for him, only upon the Hopes of being his Clothier? And when the Cause is over, I shall not have the Benefit of my Project for want of Money to go to Market. Look ye, Gentlemen, *John Bull* is but a plain Man; but *John Bull* knows when he is ill used. I know the Infirmary of our Family; we are apt to play the Boon-Companion, and throw away our Money in our Cups: But it was an unfair thing in you, Gentlemen, to take Advantage of my Weakness, to keep a Parcel of roaring Bullies about me Day and Night, with Huzza's, and Hunting-Horns, and ringing the Changes on Butchers Cleavers, never to let me cool, and make me set my Hand to Papers, when I could hardly hold my Pen. There will come a Day of Reckoning

Reckoning for all that Proceeding. In the mean time, Gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my Affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small Remainder of a very great Estate.

C H A P. XVII.

*Esquire South's Message and Letter to Mrs. Bull. **

THE Arguments used by *Hocus*, and the rest of the Guardians, had hitherto prov'd insufficient: *John* and his Wife could not be persuaded to bear the Expence of *Esquire South's* Law-Suit. They thought it reasonable, that since he was to have the Honour and Advantage, he should bear the greatest Share of the Charges; and retrench what he lost to Sharpers, and spent upon Country-Dances, and Puppet-Plays, to apply it to that Use. This was not very grateful to the *Esquire*; therefore, as the last Experiment, he was resolv'd to send *Signior Benenato*, Master of his Fox-Hounds, to *Mrs. Bull*, to try what good he could do with her. This *Signior Benenato* had all the Qualities of a fine Gentleman,

* Complaints of the Deficiencies of the House of *Au-----*, Prince *E-----*s Journey and Message.

that

that were set to charm a Lady's Heart; and if any Person in the World could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken Fidelity to her Husband, and the constant Purpose of her Mind to pursue his Interest, that the most refin'd Arts of Gallantry that were practis'd, could not seduce her Heart. The Necklaces, Diamond Crosses, and rich Bracelets that were offer'd, she rejected with the utmost Scorn and Disdain. The Musick and Serenades that were given her, sounded more ungratefully in her Ears than the Noise of a Screech Owl; however, she receiv'd Esquire South's Letter by the Hands of Signior Benenato, with that Respect which became his Quality. The Copy of the Letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual Style.

MADAM,

THE Writ of Ejectment against Philip Baboon, (pretended Lord Strutt) is just ready to pass: There want but a few necessary Forms, and a Verdict or two more; to put me in the quiet Possession of my Honour and Estate: I question not, but that, according to your wonted Generosity and Goodness, you will give it the finishing Stroke; an Honour that I would grudge any body, but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the Charges, I promise to furnish Pen, Ink, and Paper, provided you pay for the Stamps. Besides, I have order'd my Stewards to pay out of the readiest and best of my Rents, Five Pounds Ten Shillings a Year,

JOHN BULL. 63

*Year, 'till my Suit is finished. I wish you Health
and Happiness, being with due Respect,*

MADAM,

Your assured Friend,

SOUTH.

WHAT Answer Mrs. *Bull* return'd to this Letter, you shall know in my Second Part, only they were at a pretty good Distance in their Proposals; for as Esquire *South* only offered to be at the Charges of Pen, Ink, and Paper, Mrs. *Bull* refus'd any more than to lend her Barge, * to carry his Council to *Westminster-Hall*.

* Sending the E_____ Fl_____ to convoy the
Forces to Ba_____a.



Law

JOHN BULL

The British and Foreign
Antislavery Society, London
MADRID

Spain, 1844

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Law is a Bottomless Pit.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

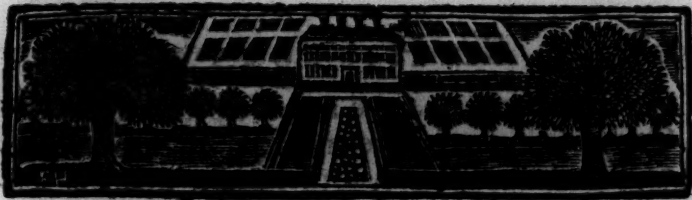
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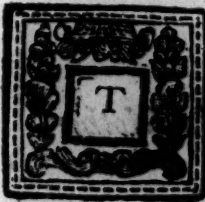
Law is a Bottomless Pit
OF THE
HISTORY
OF
JOHN BULL
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THE
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JOHN BULL.

PART II.

The Publisher's PREFACE.



THE World is much indebted to the famous Sir *Humphry Polesworth*, for his ingenious and impartial Account of *John Bull's* Law-Suit; yet there is just Cause of Complaint against him, in that he relates it only by Parcels, and won't give us the whole Work: This forces me, who am only the Publisher, to bespeak the Assistance of his Friends and Acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stinging Humour, and gratify the Curiosity of the Publick at once. He pleads in Excuse, that they are only private Memoirs, wrote for his own Use,
in

in a loose Style, to serve as a Help to his ordinary Conversation. I represented to him the good Reception the first Part had met with; that tho' calculated only for the Meridian of *Grubstreet*, it was yet taken Notice of by the better Sort; that the World was now sufficiently acquainted with *John Bull*, and interested itself in his Concerns. He answer'd with a Smile, that he had indeed some trifling Things to impart that concern'd *John Bull's* Relations and Domestick Affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave me free Leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the History of the Law-Suit more intelligible. When I had look'd over the Manuscript, I found likewise some further Account of the Composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former Part.

C H A P. XI.

*The Character of * John Bull's Mother.*

JOHN had a Mother, whom he lov'd and honour'd extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-condition'd, cleanly old Gentlewoman as ever liv'd; she was none of your cross-grain'd, termagant, scolding Jades, that one had as good

* The C——h of E——d.

be hang'd, as live in the House with such as are always censuring the Conduct, and telling scandalous Stories of their Neighbours, extolling their own good Qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek Spirit, and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best Construction upon the Words and Actions of her Neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the Rules of Honesty and Decency. She was neither one of your precise *Prudes*, nor one of your fantastical old *Belles*, that dress themselves like Girls of Fifteen; as she neither wore a Ruff, Fore-head-cloth, nor High-crown'd Hat, so she had laid aside Feathers, Flowers, and crimp'd Ribbons in her Head-dress, Furbelo-Scarfs and Hoop'd-Petticoats. She scorn'd to Patch and Paint, yet she lov'd to keep her Hands and her Face clean. Tho' she wore no flaunting Lac'd Ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant Sweat with greasy Flannel: Tho' her Hair was not stuck with Jewels, she was not ashamed of a Diamond Cross; she was not like some Ladies, hung about with Toys and Trinkets, Tweezer-Cases, Pocket-Glasses and Essence-Bottles; she used only a Gold Watch and an Almanack, to mark the Hours and the Holy-days.

HER Furniture was neat and genteel, well-fancy'd with a *bon Goust*. As she affected not the Grandeur of a State with a Canopy, she thought there was no Offence in an Elbow-Chair: she had laid aside your Carving, Gilding and Japan Work,

Work, as being too apt to gather Dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain Wainscot and clean Hangings. There are some Ladies that affect to smell a Stink in every Thing; they are always highly Perfum'd, and continually burning Frankincense in their Rooms; she was above such Affectation, yet she never would lay aside the Use of Brooms and Scrubbing-Brushes, and scrupled not to lay her Linen in fresh Lavender.

SHE was no less genteel in her Behaviour, well-bred, without Affectation, in the due Mean between one of your affected curtsying Pieces of Formality, and your Romps that have no Regard to the common Rules of Civility. There are some Ladies that affect a mighty Regard for their Relations; *We must not eat to Day, for my Uncle Tom, or my Cousin Betty dy'd this Time ten Years. Let's have a Ball to Night, it is my Neighbour such-a-one's Birth-day*; she look'd upon all this as Grimace; yet she constantly observed her Husband's Birth-day, her Wedding-day, and some few more.

THO' she was a truly good Woman, and had a sincere motherly Love for her Son *John*, yet there wanted not those who endeavour'd to create a Misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevail'd with him once, that he turn'd her out of Doors, to his great Sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his Affairs went on at Sixes and Sevens.

SHE

SHE was no less judicious in the Turn of her Conversation and Choice of her Studies, in which she far exceeded all her Sex; your Rakes that hate the Company of all sober, grave Gentlewomen, would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome Manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim than some that were more sower and reserved; she was a zealous Preacher up of Chastity, and *Conjugal Fidelity* in Wives, and by no means a Friend to the new-fangled Doctrine of the *Indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom*: Tho' she advanc'd her Opinions with a becoming Assurance, yet she never usher'd them in as some positive Creatures will do, with dogmatical Assertions, *This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a Rogue can deny it.* It has been observed that such People are oftner in the Wrong than any body.

THO' she had a Thousand good Qualities, she was not without her Faults, amongst which one might, perhaps, reckon too great Lenity to her Servants, to whom she always gave good Counsel, but often too gentle Correction. I thought I could not say less of *John Bull's* Mother, because she bears a part in the following Transactions.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

*The Character of John Bull's * Sister Peg, with the Quarrels that happen'd between Master and Miss in their Childhood.*

JOHN had a Sister, a poor Girl that had been starv'd at Nurse; any Body would have guess'd Miss to have been bred up under the Influence of a cruel Step-Dame, and *John* to be the Fondling of a tender Mother. *John* look'd ruddy and plump, with a Pair of Cheeks like a Trumpeter; Miss look'd pale and wan, as if she had the Green-Sickness; and no wonder, for *John* was the Darling, he had all the good Bits, was cramm'd with good Pullet, Chicken, Pig, Goose and Capon, while Miss had only a little Oatmeal and Water, or a dry Crust without Butter. *John* had his golden Pippins, Peaches and Nectarines; poor Miss a Crab-Apple, Sloe or a Blackberry. Master lay in the best Apartment, with his Bed-Chamber towards the South Sun. Miss lodg'd in a Garret, expos'd to the North Wind, which shrivel'd her Countenance; however, this Usage, tho' it stunted the Girl in her Growth,

* The Nation and Church of ~~Sc~~

gave her a hardy Constitution ; she had Life and Spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used : Now and then she would seize upon *John's* Commons, snatch a Leg of a Puller, or a bit of good Beef, for which they were sure to go to Fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her, but Miss would not yield in the least Point, but even when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a Tyger ; when he gave her a Cuff on the Ear, she would prick him with her Knitting-Needle : *John* brought a great Chain one Day to tie her to the Bed-Post, for which Affront, Miss aimed a Pen-knife at his Heart. In short, these Quarrels grew up to rooted Aversions, they gave one another Nick-names, she called him *Gundy-guts*, and he called her *Louffy Peg* ; though the Girl was a tight clever Wench as any was, and through her pale Looks, you might discern Spirit and Vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect Beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in Parents not to take Notice of these early Quarrels, and make them live better together, such Domestick Feuds proving afterwards the Occasion of Misfortunes to them both. * *Peg* had, indeed, some odd Humours and comical Antipathy, for which *John* would jeer her. “ What think you of my Sister “ *Peg* (says he) that faints at the Sound of an “ Organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the “ Noise of a Bag-pipe ? What’s that to you, *Gundy-guts*, (quoth *Peg*) every Body’s to chuse their

* Love of Presbytery.

"own Musick." Then Peg had taken a Fancy not to say her *Pater-noster*, which made People imagine strange Things of her. Of the three Brothers that have made such a Clutter in the World, Lord *Peter*, *Martin* and *Jack*, *Jack* had of late been her Inclinations: Lord *Peter* she detested; nor did *Martin* stand much better in her good Graces, but *Jack* had found the Way to her Heart. I have often admired what Charms she discovered in that aukward Booby, till I talked with a Person that was acquainted with the Intrigue, who gave me the following Account of it.

CH A P. III.

* *Jack's Charms, or the Method by which he gained Peg's Heart.*

I N the first Place, *Jack* was a very young Fellow, by much the youngest of the Three Brothers, and People, indeed, wonder'd how such a young upstart Jackanapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

JACK bragg'd of greater Abilities than other Men; he was *well-gifted*, as he pretended; I

* Character of the Presbyterians.

need

need not tell you what secret Influence that has upon the Ladies.

JACK had a most scandalous Tongue, and persuaded Peg that all Mankind, besides himself, were pox'd by that Scarlet-fac'd Whore * *Signiora Bubonia*. "As for his Brother, Lord Peter, the Tokens were evident on him, Blotches, Scabs, and the Corona; His Brother *Martin*, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal Pains, which his Friends pretended were only Scorbutilal; but, he was sure, proceeded from a worse Cause." By such malicious Insinuations, he had possessed the Lady, that he was the only Man in the World, of a sound, pure, and untainted Constitution: Tho' there were some that stuck not to say, that *Signiora Bubonia* and *Jack* railed at one another, only the better to hide an Intrigue; and, that *Jack* had been found with *Signiora* under his Cloak, carrying her Home in a dark stormy Night.

JACK was a prodigious Ogler; he would ogle you the Outside of his Eye inward, and the White upward.

JACK gave himself out for a Man of a great Estate in the Fortunate Islands; of which the sole Property was vested in his Person: By this Trick he cheated abundance of poor People

* The Whore of *Babylon*, or the *Pope*.

of small Sums, pretending to make over Plantations in the said Islands; but when the poor Wretches came there with *Jack's* Grant, they were beat, mock'd, and turned out of Doors.

I TOLD you that *Peg* was whimsical, and lov'd any thing that was particular: In that Way, *Jack* was her Man; for he neither thought, spoke, dress'd, nor acted like other Mortals: He was for your *bold Strokes*; he railed at Fops, though he was himself the most affected in the World; instead of the common Fashion, he would visit his Mistress in a Mourning-Cloak, Band, short Cuffs, and a peaked Beard. He invented a Way of coming into a Room backwards, which he said, shew'd more Humility, and less Affectation: Where other People stood, he sat; where they sat, he stood; when he went to Court, he used to kick away the State, and sit down by his Prince Cheek by Jole: *Confound these States* (says he) *they are a modern Invention*: When he spoke to his Prince, he always turn'd his Br—ch upon him: If he was advis'd to fast for his Health, he would eat Roast-beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful Diet, then he would be sure, that Day, to live upon Water-gruel; he would cry at a Wedding, laugh and make Jest's at a Funeral.

He was no less singular in his Opinions; you would have burst your Sides to hear him talk of Politicks: * “ All Government (says he) is

* Absolute Predestination and Reprobation.

“ founded

“ founded upon the right Distribution of *Punishments*; decent Executions keep the World in
 “ Awe; for that Reason, the Majority of Mankind ought to be hanged every Year. For
 “ Example, I suppose, the Magistrate ought to
 “ pass an irreversible Sentence upon all *Blue-ey'd*
 “ *Children* from the Cradle; but that there may
 “ be some Shew of Justice in this Proceeding,
 “ these Children ought to be trained up by
 “ Masters appointed for that Purpose, to all Sorts
 “ of Villany; that they may deserve their Fate,
 “ and the Execution of them may serve as an
 “ Object of Terror to the rest of Mankind.”

As to the giving of *Pardons*, he had this singular Method, * That when these Wretches had the Rope about their Necks, it should be enquired, who *believed* they should be hanged, and who not? The first were to be pardoned, the last hanged out-right. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hang'd afterwards for any Crime whatsoever. He had such Skill in Physiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a Man's Face, *That Fellow (says he) do what he will, can't avoid Hanging; he has a hanging Look.* By the same Art, he would prognosticate a Principality to a Scoundrel.

HE was no less particular in the Choice of his Studies; they were generally bent towards exploded Chimera's, || the *perpetuum Mobile*,

* Saving-Faith; a Belief that one shall certainly be sav'd.

|| The Learning of the Presbyterians.

the circular Shot, Philosopher's Stone, silent Gun-powder, making Chains for Fleas, Nets for Flies, and Instruments to unravel Cobwebs, and split Hairs.

THUS, I think, I have given a distinct Account of the Methods he practised upon Peg. Her Brother would now and then ask her, "What a Devil dost thou see in that pragmatical Coxcomb, to make thee so in Love with him? he is a fit Match for a Taylor or a Shoemaker's Daughter, but not for you that are a Gentlewoman. Fancy is free (quoth Peg) I'll take my own Way; do you take yours. I do not care for your flaunting Beaus, that gang with their Breasts open, and their Sarks over their Waistcoats, that accost me with set Speeches out of *Sidney's Arcadia*, or the *Academy of Compliments*. Jack is a sober, grave, young Man; though he has none of your study'd Harangues, his Meaning is sincere: He has a great Regard to his Father's Will; and he that shews himself a good Son, will make a good Husband; besides, I know he has the original Deed of Conveyance to the Fortunate Islands; the others are Counterfeits." There is nothing so obstinate as a young Lady in her Amours; the more you cross her, the worse she is.

C H A P. IV.

* *How the Relations reconcil'd John and his Sister Peg, and what Return Peg made to John's Message.*

JOH N BULL, otherwise a good-natur'd Man, was very hard-hearted to his Sister Peg, chiefly from an Aversion he had conceiv'd in his Infancy. While he flourish'd, kept a warm House, and drove a plentiful Trade, poor Peg was forc'd to go hawking and peddling about the Streets, selling Knives, Scissars and Shoe-buckles; now and then carry'd a Basket of Fish to the Marker; sew'd, spun, and knit for a Livelihood, till her Fingers-ends were sore, and when she could not get Bread for her Family, she was forced to hire 'em out at Journey-work to her Neighbours. Yet in these her poor Circumstances, she still preserv'd the Air and Mein of a Gentlewoman; a certain decent Pride, that extorted Respect from the haughtiest of her Neighbours; when she came into any full Assembly, she would not yield the *Pas* to the best of them. If one ask'd her, Are

* The Treaty of *Union*. Reason of it, the Succession not being settled in *Sc---d*. Fears for the Presbyterian Church-Government, and of being burthen'd with the *E---s* National Debts.

not you related to *John Bull*? “ Yes (says she) “ he has the Honour to be my Brother.” So *Peg*’s affairs went, till all the Relations cry’d out Shame upon *John*, for his barbarous Usage of his own Flesh and Blood; that it was an easy Matter for him to put her in a creditable Way of living, not only without Hurt, but with Advantage to himself, being she was an industrious Person, and might be serviceable to him in his Way of Business. *Hang her, Fade,* (quoth *John*) *I can’t endure her, as long as she keeps that Rascal Jack’s Company.* They told him the Way to reclaim her, was to take her into his House; that by Conversation the childish Humours of their younger Days might be worn out. These Arguments were enforc’d by a certain Incident. It happen’d that *John* was at that Time about making his * *Will*, and *entailing his Estate*, the very same in which *Nic. Frog* is nam’d Executor. Now his Sister *Peg*’s Name being in the Entail, he could not make a thorough Settlement without her Consent. There was, indeed, a malicious Story went about, as if *John*’s last Wife had fallen in Love with *Jack*, as he was † eating Custard on Horseback; that she persuaded *John* to take his Sister *Peg* into the House, the better to drive on her Intrigue with *Jack*, concluding he would follow his Mistress *Peg*. All I can infer from this Story, is, that when one has got a bad Character in the World, People

* The Act of Succession.

† A Presbyterian Lord Mayor.

will report and believe any Thing of them, true or false. But to return to my Story; when Peg receiv'd *John's* Message, she huff'd and storm'd like the Devil: " My Brother *John* (quoth she) " is grown wondrous kind-hearted all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt, whether it be not " main for their own Convepiency than for my " good; he draws up his Writs and his Deeds, " forsooth, and I must set my Hand to them, " unsight, unseen. I like the young Man he " has settled upon well enough, but I think I " ought to have a valuable Consideration for my " Consent. He wants my poor little Farm, because it makes a Nook in his Park-Wall: Ye " may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes " good use of; he gangs up and down drinking, " roaring and quarrelling, through all the Country Merkats, making foolish Bargains in his " Cups, which he repents when he is sober; " like a thriftless Wretch, spending the Goods " and Gear that his Fore-fathers won with the " Sweat of their Brows; light come, light go, " he cares not a Farthing. But why should I " stand Surety for his Contracts; the little I " have is free, and I can call it my awn; Hame's " hame, let it be never so hamely. I ken him weil " enough, he could never abide me, and when " he has his Ends he'll e'en use me as he did before; I'm sure I shall be treated like a poor " Drudge; I shall be set to tend the Bairns, " darn the Hosi, and mend the Linen. Then " there's no living with that old Carline his " Mother; she rails at *Jack*, and *Jack's* an-

D 5

" honest

"honester Man than any of her Kin: I shall be
 "plagu'd with her Spells and her *Pater-nosters*,
 "and silly old-world Ceremonies; I mun never
 "pare my Nails on a *Friday*, nor begin a Journey
 "on *Childermas-day*; and I mun stand becking
 "and binging, as I gang out and into the Hall.
 "Tell him he may e'en gan his get, I'll have
 "nothing to do with him, I'll stay like the poor
 "Country Mouse, in my awn Habitation." So
 Peg talk'd; but for all that, by the Interposition
 of good Friends, and by many a bonny Thing
 that was sent, and many more that were promis'd
 Peg, the Matter was concluded, and Peg * *taken*
into the House upon certain Articles: One of
 which was, That she might have the Freedom
 of Jack's Conversation, and might take him for
 Better and for Worse, if she pleas'd; provided
 always, he did not come into the House at un-
 seasonable Hours, and disturb the Rest of the old
 Woman, John's Mother.

* The Act of Toleration.



C H A P. V.

* *Of some Quarrels that happen'd after Peg was taken into the Family.*

IT is an old Observation, that the Quarrels of Relations are harder to reconcile than any other; Injuries from Friends fret and gall more, and the Memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old Sages, call'd *Æsop*, in the Story of the Bird, that was griev'd extremely at being wounded with an Arrow feather'd with his own Wing; as also of the Oak, that let many a heavy Groan, when he was cleft with a Wedge of his own Timber.

THERE was no Man in the World less subject to Rancour than *John Bull*, considering how often his good Nature has been abus'd; yet I don't know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling People, that carry Tales between him and his Sister *Peg*, on purpose to sow Jealousies, and set them together by the Ears, They say that there were some Hardships put upon *Peg*, which

* Quarrels about some of the Articles of Union, particularly the Peerage.

had

had been better let alone; but it was the Business of good People to restrain the Injuries on one Side, and moderate the Resentments on the other; a good Friend acts both Parts, the one without the other will not do.

* THE Purchase-Money of Peg's Farm was ill paid; then Peg lov'd a little good Liquor, and the Servants shut up the Wine-Cellar; but for that Peg found a Trick, for she made a † false Key. Peg's Servants complain'd that they were debarr'd from all manner of Business, and never suffer'd to touch the least Thing within the House; if they offer'd to come into the Warehouse, then strait went the Yard flap over their Noddle; if they ventur'd into the Counting-Room, a Fellow would throw an Ink-bottle at their Head; if they came into the best Apartment, to set any Thing there in order, they were saluted with a Broom; if they meddled with any thing in the Kitchen, it was odds but the Cook laid them over the Pate with a Ladle; one that would have got into the Stables, was met by two Rascals, who fell to work with him with a Brush and a Curry-comb; some climbing up into the Coach-box, were told, that one of their Companions had been there before, that could not drive; then flap went the long Whip about their Ears.

* The Equivalent not paid.

† Run Wine.

ON the other Hand it was complain'd, that Peg's Servants were always asking for * Drink-money; that they had more than their Share of the *Christmas-box*: To say the Truth, Peg's Lads buſtled pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great Fiſts, and pull'd out Handfuls of Half-Crowns, Shillings and Sixpences; Others in the Scramble pick'd up Guineas and Broad-pieces. But there happen'd a worſe Thing than all this; it was complain'd that Peg's Servants had great Stomachs, and brought ſo many of their Friends and Acquaintance to the Table, that *John's* Family was like to be eat out of Houſe and Home. Inſtead of regulating this Matter as it ought to be, Peg's young Men were thruſt away from the Table; then there was the Devil and all to do; Spoons, Plates and Diſhes flew about the Room like mad: and *Sir Roger*, who was now *Major Domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg ſaid this was contrary to Agreement, whereby ſhe was in all things to be treated like a Child of the Family; then ſhe called upon thoſe that had made her ſuch fair Promiſes, and undertook for her Brother *John's* good behaviour; but, alas! to her Coſt ſhe found, that they were the firſt, and readieſt to do her the Injury. *John* at laſt agreed to this Regulation; that Peg's † Footmen might

* Endeavour'd to get their Share of Places.

† Articles of Union, whereby they could make a *Scot's* Commoner, but not a Lord, a Peer.

fit with his Book-keeper, Journey-men and Apprentices; and Peg's better sort of Servants might fit with his Footmen, if they pleas'd.

THEN they began to order Plumb-porridge and Minc'd-Pies for Peg's Dinner: Peg told them she had an Aversion to that sort of Food; that upon forcing down a Mess of it some Years ago, it threw her into a Fit, till she brought it up again. Some alledg'd it was nothing but Humour; that the same Mess should be serv'd up again for Supper, and Breakfast next Morning; others would have made use of a Horn; but the wiser Sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

CH A P. VI.

* *The Conversation between John Bull and his Wife.*

Mrs. Bull. **T**H O' our Affairs, Honey, are in a bad Condition, I have a better Opinion of them since you seem to be convinc'd of the ill Course you have been in, and are resolv'd to submit to proper Remedies. But when

* The History of the P--rt--t--n Treaty; Suspicions at that Time that the Fr. K. intended to take the whole; and that he revealed the Secret to the Court of Sp--n.

I con-

I consider your immense Debts, your foolish Bargains, and the general Disorder of your Business, I have a Curiosity to know what Fate or Chance has brought you into this Condition.

J. Bull. I wish you would talk of some other Subject; the Thoughts of it makes me mad; our Family must have their Run.

Mrs. Bull. But such a strange Thing as this never happen'd to any of your Family before: They have had Law-Suits, but tho they spent the Income, they never mortgag'd the Stock. Sure you must have some of the *Norman* or the *Norfolk* Blood in you. Prithce give me some Account of these Matters.

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not such a Fellow by Bread as that Old *Lewis Baboon*: He is the most cheating, contentious Rogue upon the Face of the Earth. You must know, one Day, as *Nic. Frog* and I were over a Bottle making up an old Quarrel, the old Fellow would needs have us drink a Bottle of his *Champagne*, and so one after another, till my Friend *Nic.* and I, not being used to such heady Stuff, got bloody drunk. *Lewis* all the while, either by the Strength of his Brain, or flinching his Glass, kept himself sober as a Judge. " My worthy Friends
" (quoth *Lewis*) henceforth let us live Neigh-
" bourly, I am as peaceable and quiet as a Lamb,
" of my own Temper, but it has been my Mis-
" fortune to live among quarrelsome Neighbours.
" There

" There is but one Thing can make us fall out,
 " and that is the *Inheritance of Lord Strutt's*
 " *Estate*; I am content, for Peace Sake, to
 " wave my Right, and submit to any Expedient
 " to prevent a Law-Suit; I think an **equal Di-*
 " *vision* will be the fairest Way." *Well mov'd,*
Old Lewis, (quoth Frog) and I hope my Friend
John here will not be Refractory. At the same
 Time he clapp'd me on the Back, and slabber'd
 meall over from Cheek to Cheek, with his great
 Tongue. *Do as you please, Gentlemen, (quoth I)*
'tis all one to John Bull. We agreed to part
 that Night, and next Morning to meet at the
 Corner of Lord *Strutt's* Park Wall, with our
 surveying Instruments, which accordingly we did.
Old Lewis carry'd a Chain and a Semicircle;
Nic. Paper, Rulers, and a Lead Pencil; and I
 follow'd at some Distance with a long Pole. We
 began first with surveying the Meadow Grounds,
 afterwards we measur'd the Corn Fields Close by
 Close; then we proceeded to the Wood Lands,
 the † Copper and Tin Mines. All this while
Nic. laid down every thing exactly upon Paper,
 calculated the Acres and Roods to a great Ni-
 cety. When we had finish'd the Land, we
 were going to break into the House and Gar-
 dens, to take an Inventory of his Plate, Pictures,
 and other Furniture.

Mrs. Bull. WHAT said Lord *Strutt* to all
 this?

* The P--rt--t--n Treaty,

† The West-Indies.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. As we had almost finish'd our Concern, we were accosted by some of Lord *Strutt's* Servants: *Hey day! What's here? What a Devil's the Meaning of all these Trankrams and Gim-cracks, Gentlemen? What in the Name of Wonder, are you going about, jumping over my Master's Hedges, and running your Lines cross his Grounds? If you are at any Field-Pastime, you might have ask'd Leave; my Master is a civil well-bred Person as any is.*

Mrs. Bull. WHAT could you answer to this?

J. Bull. WHY truly my Neighbour *Frog* and I were still hot-headed; we told him his Master was an old doating Puppy, that minded nothing of his own Business; that we were surveying his Estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happen'd a Quarrel, but we being stronger than they, sent them away with a Flea in their Ear. They went home, and told their Master. *My Lord* (say they) *there are three odd Sort of Fellows going about your Grounds with the strangest Machines that ever we beheld in our Life: I suppose they are going to rob your Orchard, fell your Trees, or drive away your Cattle: They told us strange Things of settling your Estate: One is a lusty old Fellow, in a black Wig, with a black Beard, without Teeth: There's another thick squat Fellow, in Trunk-Hose: The third is a little, long nos'd, thin Man. (I was then lean, being just come out of a Fit of*
Sickneſs)

Sickness) I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away.

Mrs. Bull. I fancy this put the old Fellow in a rare Tweague.

J. Bull. WEAK as he was, he call'd for his long Toledo, swore and bounc'd about the Room, 'Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted so by my Tradesmen? I know the Rascals: My Barber, Clothier, and Linen-draper dispose of my Estate! bring hither my Blunderbuss, I'll warrant ye you shall see Day-light through them. Scoundrels! Dogs! the Scum of the Earth! Frog, that was my Father's Kitchen-boy, he pretend to meddle with my Estate! with my Will! Ah poor Strutt, what art thou come to at last? Thou hast liv'd too long in the World, to see thy Age and Infirmary so despis'd: How will the Ghosts of my noble Ancestors receive these Tidings? They cannot, they must not sleep quietly in their Graves. In short, the old Gentleman was carry'd off in a fainting Fit, and after bleeding in both Arms hardly recover'd.

Mrs. Bull. REALLY this was a very extraordinary Way of Proceeding: I long to hear the rest of it.

J. Bull. AFTER we had come back to the Tavern, and taken t'other Bottle of Champagne, we quarrel'd a little about the Division of the Estate. Lewis hall'd and pull'd the Map on one Side,

Side, and *Frog* and I on r'other, till we had like to have tore the Parchment to Pieces. At last *Lewis* pull'd out a Pair of great Taylor's Sheers, and clipt a Corner for himself, which he said was a Manor that lay convenient for him, and left *Frog* and me the rest to dispose of as we pleas'd. We were overjoy'd to think *Lewis* was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the Bottom of the Plot. There happen'd, indeed, an Incident, that gave us some Disturbance: A cunning Fellow, one of my Servants, two Days after peeping through the Key-hole, observ'd that old *Lewis* had stole away our Part of the Map, and saw him fiddling and turning the Map from one Corner to the other, trying to join the two Pieces together again: Hewas muttering something to himself, which he did not well hear, only these Words, 'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity! My Servant added, that he believ'd this had some ill meaning. I told him he was a Coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his Companions: *Lewis* and I are good Friends, he's an honest Fellow, and I dare say will stand to his Bargain: The Sequel of the Story prov'd this Fellow's Suspicion to be too well grounded; for *Lewis* reveal'd our whole Secret to the deceased Lord *Strutt*, who in Reward to his Treachery and Revenge to *Frog* and me, settled his whole Estate upon the present *Philip Baboon*. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the Map together.

Mrs.

old

Mrs. Bull. AND was you surprized at this? Had not Lord *Strutt* Reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

J. Bull. WHY truly, Wife, it was not easily reconcil'd to the common Methods, but then it was the Fashion to do such Things: I have read of your Golden Age, your Silver Age, &c. one might justly call this the Age of the *Lawyers*. There was hardly a Man of Substance in all the Country, but had a * *Counterfeit that pretended to his Estate*. As the Philosophers say, that there is a Duplicate of every Terrestrial Animal at Sea, so it was in this Age of the *Lawyers*, there was at least two of every Thing; nay, o'my Conscience, I think there were three † *Esquire Hucks* at one Time. In short, it was usual for a Parcel of Fellows to meet and dispose of the whole Estates in the Country: *This lies convenient for me, Tom; Thou wouldst do more good with that, Dick, than the old Fellow that has it.* So to Law they went with the true Owners; the Lawyers got well by it; every Body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest Man, when he came home at Night to find another Fellow domineering in his Family, hectoring his Servants, calling for Supper, and pretending to go to Bed to his Wife. In every House you might observe two *Sofas* quarrelling

* Several Pretenders at that Time.

† Kings of P———d.

who

who was Master. For my own Part, I am still afraid of the same Treatment, that I should find some body behind my Counter selling my Broad Cloth.

Mrs. Bull. THERE are a Sort of Fellows they call Banterers, and Bamboozlers, that play such Tricks; but it seems, these Fellows were in earnest.

J. Bull. I begin to think that *Justice* is a better Rule than *Convenience*, for all some People make so light on it.

CHAP. VII.

Of the hard Shifts Mrs. Bull was put to, to preserve the Manor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir Roger's Method to keep off importunate Duns.

AS John Bull and his Wife were talking together, they were surpriz'd with a sudden Knocking at the Door: Those wicked Scriveners and Lawyers no doubt (quoth John); and so it was: Some asking for the Money he owed, and

Some Attempts to destroy the publick Credit at that Time. Manners of the E. of O.

others

others warning to prepare for the approaching Term. *What a cursed Life do I lead?* (quoth *John*) *Debt is like deadly Sin: For God's Sake, Sir Roger, get me rid of the Fellows. I'll warrant you* (quoth Sir Roger); *leave them to me.* And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger's Method with these importunate Duns; his sincere Friendship for *John Bull*, made him submit to many Things for his Service, which he would have scorn'd to have done for himself. Sometimes he would stand at the Door with his long Staff to keep off the Duns, 'till *John* got out at the Back-door. When the Lawyers and Tradesmen brought extravagant Bills, Sir Roger used to bargain before-hand for leave to cut off a quarter of a Yard in any Part of the Bill he pleas'd; he wore a Pair of Scissars in his Pocket for this Purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine: Like a true Goldsmith, he kept all your Holidays; there was not one wanting in his Calendar; when ready Money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand Pounds in Six-pences, Groats, and Three-penny Pieces. It would have done your Heart good to have seen him charge through an Army of Lawyers, Attornies, Clerks, and Tradesmen; sometimes with Sword in Hand, at other Times nuzzling like an Eel in the Mud. When a Fellow stuck like a Bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mighty inquisitive about the Health of his Uncles and Aunts in the Country; he could call them all by their Names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own Way. The extremely

tremely impertinent he would send away to see some strange Sight, as the Dragon of *Hockley the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next *February*. * Now and then you would see him in the Kitchen, weighing the Beef and Butter, paying ready Money, that the Maids might not run a Tick at the Marker, and the Butchers, by bribing of them sell damag'd and light Meat. Another Time he would slip into the Cellar, and gauge the Casks. In his leisure Minutes he was posting his Books, and gathering in his Debts. Such frugal Methods were necessary where Money was so scarce, and Duns so numerous. All this while *John* kept his Credit, could shew his Head both at *'Change* and *Westminster-Hall*; no Man protested his Bill, nor refused his Bond: Only the Sharpers and the Scriveners, the Lawyers and other Clerks pelted Sir *Roger* as he went along. The Squirters were at it with their Kennel Water, for they were mad for the Loss of their Bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the Manor of *Bullock's-Hatch*. Sir *Roger* shook his Ears, and nuzzled along, well satisfied within himself that he was doing a charitable Work, in rescuing an honest Man from the Claws of *Harpies* and *Blood-suckers*. Mrs. *Bull* did all that an affectionate Wife, and a good Housewife, could do; yet the Boundaries of Virtues are indivisible Lines, it is impossible to march up close to the Frontiers of Frugality, without entering the Territories of Parsimony. Your good Housewives

* Some Regulations as to the Purveyance in the Qu---s Family.

are apt to look into the minuteſt Things; * there-
fore ſome blam'd Mrs. Bull for new heel-piecing
of her Shoes, grudging a quarter of a Pound of
Soap and Sand to ſcower the Rooms; but eſpeci-
ally, † that ſhe would not allow her Maids and
Apprentices the Benefit of *John Bunyan*, the *Lon-
don Apprentices* or the *Seven Champions*, in the
Black Letter.

CHAP. VIII.

*A Continuation of the Converſation betwixt
John Bull and his Wife.*

Mrs. Bull. **I**T is a moſt ſad Life we lead, my
Dear, to be ſo tear'd, paying Inte-
reſt for old Debts, and ſtill contracting new ones.
However, I don't blame you for vindicating your
Honour, and chaſtizing old *Lewis*: To curb the
Inſolent, protect the Oppreſſed, recover one's
own, and defend what one has, are good Effects
of the Law: The only thing I want to know,
is, how you came to make an End of your Mo-
ney, before you finiſh'd your Suit.

John Bull. I WAS told by the Learned in
the Law, that my Suit ſtood upon three firm

* Too great Savings in the H_____ of C_____s.

† Reſtraining the Liberty of the Preſs by Act of P.

Pillars, More Money for more Law, More Law for more Money, and No Composition. More Money for more Law, was plain to a Demonstration; for who can go to Law without Money? And it was plain, that any Man that has Money, may have Law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what Composition could be made with a Rogue, that never kept a Word he said?

Mrs. Bull. I THINK you are most likely to get out of this Labyrinth by the second Door, by want of ready Money to purchase this precious Commodity: But you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; else, how was it possible to run so much in Debt, when at this very Time, the yearly Income of what is mortgaged to those Usurers would discharge *Hocus's* Bills, and give you your Belly full of Law for all your Life, without running one Six-pence in Debt? You have been bred up to Business; I suppose you can cypher; I wonder you never used your Pen and Ink.

John Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear Wife, hold thy Tongue. Suppose a young Heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienced, full of Spirit and Vigour, with a favourite Passion, in the Hands of Money-Scriveners: Such Fellows are like your Wire-drawing Mills, if they get hold of a Man's Finger, they will pull in his whole Body at last; till they squeeze the

Heart, Blood and Guts out of him. * When I wanted Money, half a Dozen of these Fellows were always waiting in my Antichamber with their Securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the Ready, some Farm or other went to Pot. I received with one Hand, and paid it away with the other to Lawyers, that like so many Hell-hounds, were ready to devour me. Then the Rogues would plead Poverty, and Scarcity of Money, which always ended in receiving Ninety for the Hundred: After they had got Possession of my best Rents, they were able to supply me with my own Money. But what was worse, when I looked into the Securities, there was no Clause of Redemption.

Mrs. Bull. No Clause of Redemption say you? that's hard!

John Bull. No great Matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse Trick than that; the same Man bought and sold to himself, paid the Money, and gave the Acquittance; the same Man was Butcher and Grafter, Brewer and Butler, Cook and Poulterer. There is something still worse than all this; there came twenty Bills upon me at once, which I had given Money to discharge; I was like to be pulled to Pieces by Brewer, Butcher, and Baker, even my Herb-Woman dunn'd me as I went along the Streets. (Thanks to my Friend Sir Roger, else I must

* Methods of paying upon the Necessities of the Government.

have

JOHN BULL. 99

have gone to Gaol.) When I asked the Meaning of this, I was told, the Money went to the Lawyers; Counsel won't tick, Sir; *Hocus* was urging; my Book-keeper sat Sotting all Day, playing at Putt and All-fours: In short, by gripping Usurers, devouring Lawyers, and negligent Servants, I am brought to this pass.

Mrs. Bull. THIS was hard Usage! but methinks, the least Reflection might have retriev'd you.

John Bull. 'Tis true; yet consider my Circumstances, my Honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for five Years often drunk, always muddled, they carry'd me from Tavern to Tavern, to Ale-houses and Brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange Dogs! * *There goes the prettiest Fellow in the World* (says one) *for managing a Jury; make him yours.* *There's another can pick you up Witnesses: Serjeant such-a-one has a Silver Tongue at the Bar.* I believe, in Time, I should have retained every single Person within the Inns of Court. The Night after a Trial, I treated the Lawyers, their Wives and Daughters, with Fiddles, Hautboys, Drums, and Trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they placed me in the Middle, the Attornies and their Clerks dancing about me, whooping, and hollowing. *Long live John Bull, the Glory and Support of the Law!*

* Hiring still more Troops.

The HISTORY of

Mrs. Bull. REALLY, Husband, you went through a very notable Course.

John Bull. ONE of the Things that first alarm'd me was, * that they shewed a Spite against my poor old Mother. Lord (quoth I) what makes you so jealous of a poor, old, innocent Gentlewoman, that minds only her Prayers, and her Practice of Piety: She never meddles in any of your Concerns? Fob, (say they) to see a handsome, brisk, genteel, young Fellow, so much governed by a doating old Woman; why don't you go and suck the Bubby? Do you consider she keeps you out of a good Jointure? She has the best of your Estate settled upon her for a Rent-Charge: Hang her, old Thief, turn her out of Doors, seize her Lands, and let her go to Law if she dares. Soft and fair, Gentlemen (quoth I) my Mother's my Mother, our Family are not of an unnatural Temper. Tho' I don't take all her Advice, I won't seize her Jointure; long may she enjoy it, good Woman, I don't grudge it her: She allows me now-and-then a Brace of Hundreds for my Law-Suit; that's pretty fair. About this Time the old Gentlewoman fell ill of an || odd Sort of a Distemper; it began with a Coldness and Numbness in her Limbs, which, by Degrees, affected the Nerves, (I think the Physicians call them) seiz'd the Brain, and at last ended in a Lethargy. It betrayed itself at first in a Sort of Indifference and Carelessness in all

* Railing against the Church.

|| Carelessness in Forms and Discipline.

her

her Actions, Coldness to her best Friends, and an Aversion to stir or go about the common Offices of Life. She that was the cleanliest Creature in the World, never shrunk now if you set a Close-stool under her Nose. She that would sometimes rattle off her Servants pretty sharply, now, if she saw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any Notice of it. * Instead of her usual Charities to deserving Persons, she threw away her Money upon roaring swearing Bullies and Beggars, that went about the Streets. *What is the Matter with the old Gentlewoman* (said every Body) *she never used to do in this Manner?* At || last the Distemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving Fits; in which she shriek'd out so loud, that she disturb'd the whole Neighbourhood. In her Fits she call'd upon one Sir William: † *Oh! Sir William, thou hast betray'd me! kill'd me! stabb'd me! sold me to the Cuckold of Dover-street! See, see, Clum with his bloody Knife! seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the Fury with her hissing Snakes? Where's my Son John! Is he well! is he well! poor Man, I pity him;* and abundance more of such strange Stuff, that Nobody could make any thing of. I knew little of the Matter; for when I enquired about her Health, the An-

* Disposing of some Preferments to libertine and unprincipled Persons.

|| The too violent Clamour about the Danger of the Church.

† Sir William, a cant Name of Sir Humprey's, for Lord

T — — — r G — — — n.

swer was, that *she was in a good moderate Way*, Physicians were sent for in Haste: Sir Roger, with great Difficulty, brought R---ff; G---th came upon the first Message. There were several others called in; but, as usual upon such Occasions, they differed strangely at the Consultation. At last they divided into two Parties, one sided with G---th, the other with R---ff. * Dr. G---th. *This Case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old Woman is whimsical; it is a common Thing for your old Women to be so: I'll pawn my Life, Blisters, with the Steel Diet, will recover her.* Others suggested strong Purg- ing and letting of Blood, because she was Ple- thorick. Some went so far as to say the old Woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal Correction. R---ff, Gen- tlemen, *you are mistaken in this Case; it is plainly an acute Distemper, and she cannot hold out three Days, unless she is supported with strong Cordials.* I came into the Room with a good deal of Con- cern, and asked them what they thought of my Mother? *In no manner of Danger, I vow to Gad,* (quoth G---th) *the old Woman is hysterical, fan- ciful, Sir, I vow to Gad. I tell you, Sir,* (says R---ff) *she cannot live three Days to an end, un- less there is some very effectual Course taken with her; she has a malignant Fever.* Then Fool, Puppy, and Blockhead were the best Words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throw- ing the Ink-bottles at one another's Heads. I

* G---th, the Low-Church Party. R---ff, High-Church Party.

forgot to tell you, that one Party of the Physicians desired I would take my Sister *Peg* into the House to nurse her, but the old Gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one Physician asked if the Lady had ever been us'd to take *Laudanum*? Her Maid answer'd, Not that she knew; but indeed there was a *Higb-German* Livery-Man of hers, one **Han Ptschirnsooker*, that gave her a Sort of a Quack-Powder. The Physician desir'd to see it: *Nay*, says he, *there is Opium in this, I am sure.*

Mrs. Bull. I HOPE you examined a little into this Matter.

John Bull. I DID indeed, and discovered a great Mystery of Iniquity. The Witnesses made Oath, That they had heard some of the *Livery-men* frequently railing at their Mistress. "They said, she was a troublesome fiddle-faddle old Woman, and so ceremonious, that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagu'd with bowing and cringing as they went in and out of the Room, that their Backs ach'd. She used to scold at one for his dirty Shoes, at another for his greasy Hair, and not combing his Head: Then she was so passionate and fiery in her Temper, that there was no living with her; she wanted something to sweeten her Blood: That they never had a quiet Night's Rest, for

* *Han Ptschirnsooker*, a Bishop at that Time, a great Dealer in Politicks and Physick.

|| The Clergy.

" getting up in the Morning to early Sacraments ;
 " they wished they could find some Way or an-
 " other to keep the old Woman quiet in her
 " Bed." Such Discourses were often overheard
 among the *Livery-men*, while the said **Pan**
Petschirnlooker had undertook this Matter. A
 Maid made Affidavit, " That she had seen the
 " said **Pan Petschirnlooker**, one of the *Livery-*
 " *men*, frequently making up of Medicines, and
 " administering them to all the Neighbours ; that
 " she saw him one Morning make up the Pow-
 " der which her Mistress took ; that she had the
 " Curiosity to ask him whence he had the In-
 " gredients ? *They come (says he) from several*
Parts of de World ; dis I have from Geneva, dat
from Rome, this White Powder from Amsterdam,
and the Red from Edinburgh ; but the chief In-
gredient of all comes from Turkey. It was like-
 wise prov'd, that the said **Pan Petschirnlooker** had
 been frequently seen at the *Rose* with *Jack*, who
 was known to bear an inveterate Spite to his
 Mistress : That he brought a certain Powder to
 his Mistress, which the Examinant believes to
 be the same, and spoke the following Words :
Madam, here is grand Secret van de Warld, my
sweetening Powder, it does temperate de Humour,
despel de Windt, and cure de Vapour, it lulleth
and quieteth de Animal Spirits, procuring Rest and
pleasant Dreams : It is de infallible Receipt for de
Scurvy, all Heats in de Bloodt, and Breaking out
upon de Skin : It is de true Bloodt-Stancher, stop-
ping all Fluxes of de Blood : If you de take dis,
you will never ail any ding ; it will cure you of all
Diseases :

Diseases: And abundance more to this Purpose, which the Examinant does not remember.

JOHN BULL was interrupted in his Story by a Porter, that brought him a Letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows.

C H A P. IX.

* *A Copy of Nic. Frog's Letter to John Bull.*

[John Bull Reads.]

Friend John,

WHAT Schellum is it that makes thee jealous of thy old Friend Nicholas? Hast thou forgot how some Years ago he took thee out of the † Spunging-house? ['Tis true, my Friend Nic. did so, and I thank him; but he made me pay a fwinging Reck'ning.] Thou beginn'st now to repent the Bargain that thou wast so fond of; and, if thou durst, would forswear thy own Hand and Seal. Thou sayst, that thou hast purchas'd me too great an Estate already; when, at the same time, thou knowst I have only a Mortgage: 'Tis true, I have Possession, and the Tenants own me for

* A Letter from the S ———s G ———l.

† Alluding to the Re ———n.

*Master; but has not Esquire South the Equity of Redemption? [No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily; poor Nic. has only Possession, eleven Points of the Law.] As for the * Turnpikes I have set up, they are for other People, not for my Friend John; I have order'd my Servant constantly to attend, to let thy Carriages through without paying any thing; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil my Ways. Certainly I have just Cause of Offence against thee, my Friend, for supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel: What Houndsfoot is it that puts these Whims in thy Head? Ten thousand Lads of Devils haul me, if I don't love thee as I love my Life. [No question, as the Devil loves Holy-water!] Does not thy own Hand and Seal oblige thee to purchase for me, 'till I say it is enough? Are not these Words plain? I say it is not enough. Dost thou think thy Friend Nicholas Frog made a Child's Bargain? Mark the Words of thy Contract, Tota pecunia, with all thy Money. [Very well! I have purchas'd with my own Money, my Childrens, and my Grand-childrens Money, is not that enough? Well, tota pecunia let it be, for at present I have none at all: He would not have me purchase with other People's Money sure; since tota pecunia is the Bargain, I think it is plain, no more Money, no more Purchase.] And whatever the World may say, Nicholas Frog is but a poor Man, in comparison of the rich, the opulent John Bull, great Clothier of the World. I*

* The Dutch Prohibition of Trade.

have had many Losses, six of my best Sheep were drown'd, and the Water has come into my Cellar, and spoil'd a Pipe of my best Brandy: It would be a more friendly Act in thee, to carry a Brief about the Country to repair the Losses of thy poor Friend. Is it not evident to all the World, that I am still hem'd in by Lewis Baboon? Is he not just upon my Borders? [And so he will be if I purchase a Thousand Acres more, unless he get somebody betwixt them.] I tell thee, Friend John, thou hast Flatterers, that persuade thee that thou art a Man of Business; do not believe them: If thou wouldst still leave thy Affairs in my Hands, thou shouldst see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou shouldst be dazzled with the enchanted Islands, and Mountains of Gold, that old Lewis promises thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out thy Money to purchase a Place at Court, of honest Israel? I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a Composition. [Not think of a Composition, that's hard indeed; I can't help thinking of it, if I would.] Thou complain'st of want of Money, let thy Wife and Daughters burn the Gold Lace of their Petticoats; sell thy fat Cattle; retrench but a Sirloin of Beef and a Peck-Loaf in a Week, from thy gormandizing Guttur. [Retrench my Beef, a Dog! Retrench my Beef, then it is plain the Rascal has an ill Design upon me, he would starve me.] Mortgage thy Manor of Bullock's-Hatch, or pawn thy Crop for Ten Years. [A Rogue! part with my Country Seat, my Patrimony, all that I have left in the World; I'll see him hang'd first.] Why hast thou chang'd thy

thy Attorney? Can any Man manage thy Cause better for thee? [Very pleasant! because a Man has a good Attorney, he must never make an End of his Law-Suit.] Ah John! John! I wish thou knew'st thy own Mind: Thou art as fickle as the Wind. I tell thee, thou hadst better let this Composition alone, or leave it to thy

Loving Friend,

NIC. FROG.

CHAP. X.

*Of some extraordinary * Things that pass'd at the Salutation Tavern, in the Conference between Bull, Frog, Esquire South and Lewis Baboon.*

FROG had given his Word, that he would meet the above-mention'd Company at the *Salutation*, to talk of this Agreement. Tho' he durst not directly break his Appointment, he made many a shuffling Excuse; one Time he pre-

* The Treaty of *Ut--bi*: The Difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the *D---ch* would not speak their Sentiments, nor the *F---b* deliver in their Proposals. The House of *Au-----* talk'd very high.

tended

tended to be seiz'd with the Gout in his right Knee; then he got a great Cold, that had struck him deaf of one Ear; afterwards two of his Coach-Horses fell sick, and he durst not go by Water, for fear of catching an Ague. *John* would take no Excuse, but hurry'd him away: *Come Nic.* (says he) *let's go and hear at least what this old Fellow has to propose! I hope there's no hurt in that.* *Be it so,* (quoth *Nic.*) *but if I catch any Harm, woe be to you; my Wife and Children will curse you as long as they live.* When they were come to the *Salutation*, *John* concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with Law Affairs; he thought every body as plain and sincere as he was. *Well, Neighbours,* (quoth he) *let's now make an End of all Matters, and live peaceably together for the Time to come; if every body is as well inclin'd as I, we shall quickly come to the Upsbor of our Affair.* And so pointing to *Frog* to say something, to the great Surprize of all the Company, *Frog* was seiz'd with a dead Palsey in the Tongue. *John* began to ask him some plain Questions, and whoop'd and hollow'd in his Ear. *Let's come to the Point, Nic! Who wouldst thou have to be Lord Strutt? Wouldst thou have Philip Baboon?* *Nic.* shook his Head, and said nothing. *Wilt thou then have Esquire South to be Lord Strutt?* *Nic.* shook his Head a second Time. *Then who the Devil wilt thou have? say something or another.* *Nic.* open'd his Mouth, and pointed to his Tongue, and cry'd, *A, a, a, a!* which was as much as to say, he could not speak. *John*
Balk.]

Bull.] Shall I serve Philip Baboon with Broad-Cloth, and accept of the Composition that he offers, with the Liberty of his Parks and Fish-ponds? Then Nic. roar'd like a Bull, O, o, o, o! *John Bull.*] If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself? Then Nic. grinn'd, cackl'd, and laugh'd, till he was like to kill himself, and seem'd to be so pleas'd, that he fell a frisking and dancing about the Room. *John Bull.*] Shall I leave all this Matter to thy Management, Nic. and go about my Business? Then Nic. got up a Glas and drank to *John*, shaking him by the Hand till he had like to have shook his Shoulder out of Joint. *John Bull.*] I understand thee, Nic. but I shall make thee speak before I go. Then Nic. put his Finger in his Cheek, and made it cry *Buck*; which was as much as to say, I care not a Farthing for thee. *John Bull.*] I have done Nic. if thou wilt not speak, I'll make my own Terms with old Lewis here. Then Nic. loll'd out his Tongue, and turn'd up his Bum to him; which was as much as to say, Kiss——.

John perceiving that *Frog* would not speak, turns to old *Lewis*: Since we cannot make this obstinate Fellow speak, *Lewis*, pray condescend a little to his Humour, and set down thy Meaning upon Paper, that he may answer it in another Scrap.

I AM infinitely sorry (quoth *Lewis*) that it happens so unfortunately; for playing a little at Cudgels & other Day, a Fellow has given me such a Rap over the
Right

JOHN BULL. III

Right-arm, that I am quite lame: I have lost the Use of my Forefinger and my Thumb, so that I cannot hold my Pen.

John Bull. *THAT's all one, let me write for you.*

Lewis. *BUT I have a Misfortune that I cannot read any body's Hand but my own.*

John Bull. *TRY what you can do with your Left-hand.*

Lewis. *THAT's impossible; it will make such a Scrawl that it will not be legible.*

As they were talking of this Matter, in came Esquire South, all dress'd up in Feathers and Ribbons, stark staring mad, brandishing his Sword, as if he would have cut off their Heads; crying, Room, room, Boys, for the grand Esquire of the World! the Flower of Esquires! What! cover'd in my Presence? I'll crush your Souls, and crack you like Lice! With that he had like to have struck John Bull's Hat into the Fire; but John, who was pretty strong-fisted, gave him such a Squeeze, as made his Eyes water. He went on still in his mad Pranks; *When I am Lord of the Universe, the Sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, shalt be my Bailiff; Lewis my Taylor; and thou, John Bull, shalt be my Fool!*

THE

ALL

ALL this while *Frog* laugh'd in his Sleeve, gave the Esquiret' other Noggan of Brandy, and clapp'd him on the Back, which made him ten times madder.

POOR *John* stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: *Well John, thou art got into rare Company! One has a dumb Devil, & other a mad Devil, and the third a Spirit of Infirmity. An honest Man has a fine Time on't amongst such Rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all? Some mighty Boon one would think! only to sit quietly at thy own Fire-side. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with such Fellows! John Bull, after all his Losses and Crosses, can live better without them, than they can without him. Would to God I liv'd a thousand Leagues off them! but the Devil's in't, John Bull is in, and John Bull must get out as well as he can.*

As he was talking to himself, he observ'd *Frog* and *Old Lewis* edging * towards one another to whisper; so that *John* was forc'd to sit with his Arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder.

SOME People advis'd *John* to blood *Frog* under the Tongue, or take away his Bread and Butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire *South* Hellebore; as for *Lewis*, some were for emollient Pulvestes, others for opening his Arm with an Incision-Knife.

* Some Attempts of Secret Negotiation between the F----b. and D----b.

* C H A P. XI.

The Apprehending, Examination, and Imprisonment of Jack, for Suspicion of Poisoning.

THE attentive Reader cannot have forgot, that the Story of *Pan Putschirnlooker's Powder* was interrupted by a Message from *Frog*. I have a natural Compassion for Curiosity, being much troubled with the Distemper myself, therefore to gratify that uneasy itching Sensation in my Reader, I have procur'd the following Account of that Matter.

Pan Putschirnlooker came off (as Rogues usually do upon such Occasions) by peaching his Partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the Gallows, † *Jack* was accused as the Contriver of all the Roguery. And, indeed, it happen'd unfortunately for the poor Fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate Spight against the old Gentlewoman; and consequently, that

* The four following Chapters contain the History of passing the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*, and of the *Whigs* agreeing to it.

† All the Misfortunes of the Church charg'd upon the *P* — an Party.

never

never any ill Accident happen'd to her, but he was suspected to be at the Bottom of it. If she prick'd her Finger, *Jack*, to be sure, laid the Pin in the Way; if some Noise in the Street disturb'd her Rest, who could it be but *Jack* in some of his nocturnal Rambles? If a Servant run away, *Jack* had debauch'd him: Every idle Tittle-tattle that went about, *Jack* was always suspected for the Author of it: However, all was nothing to this last Affair, of the temperating, moderating Powder.

THE Hue and Cry went after *Jack*, to apprehend him dead or alive, where-ever he could be found. The Constables look'd out for him in all his usual Haunts; but to no Purpose. Where d'ye think they found him at last? Ev'n smoking his Pipe very quietly; at his Brother *Martin's*; from whence he was carried with a vast Mob at his Heels, before the Worshipful Mr. Justice *Overdo*. Several of his Neighbours made Oath, * that of late, the Prisoner had been observ'd to lead a very dissolute Life, renouncing even his usual Hypocrisy, and Pretences to Sobriety: That he frequented Taverns and Eating-Houses, and had been often guilty of Drunkenness and Gluttony at my Lord-Mayor's Table: That he had been seen in the Company of Lewd Women: That he had transferr'd his usual Care of the engross'd Copy of his Father's

* The Manners of the Dissenters chang'd from their former Strictness.

Will, to Bank Bills, Orders for Tallies and Debentures*: These he now affirmed with more literal Truth, to be † *Meat, Drink, and Cloth, the Philosopher's Stone, and the Universal Medicine*: That he was so far from shewing his Customary Reverence to the *Will*, that he kept company with those that call'd his Father a cheating Rogue, and his Will a Forgery ||. That he not only sat quietly and heard his Father rail'd at, but often chim'd in with the Discourse, and bugg'd the Authors as his Bosom Friends; * *That instead of asking for Blows, at the Corners of the Streets, he now bestow'd them as plentifully as he begg'd them before*: In short, that he was grown a meer Rake; and had nothing left in him of old *Jack*, except his Spight to *John Bull's* Mother.

ANOTHER Witness made Oath That *Jack* had been overheard bragging of a †† Trick he had found out to manage the old formal *Jade*, as he used to call her. "Damn this Numb'd-skull of mine (quoth he) that I could not light on it sooner. As long as I go in this ragged tatter'd Coat, I am so well known, that I am hunted away from the old Woman's Door by every barking Cur about the House; they bid me Defiance. There's no doing Mischief

* Dealing much in Stock-Jobbing.

† Tale of a Tub.

|| Herding with Deists and Atheists.

* Tale of a Tub.

†† Getting into Places and Church Preferments by Occasional Conformity.

“ as an open Enemy, I must find some Way or
 “ other of getting within Doors, and then I shall
 “ have better Opportunities of playing my Pranks
 “ besides the Benefit of good Keeping.

* Two Witnesses swore, That several Years ago, there came to their Mistress's Door a young Fellow in a tatter'd Coat, that went by the Name of *Timothy Trim*, whom they did in their Conscience believe to be the very Prisoner, resembling him in Shape, Stature, and the Features of his Countenance: That the said *Timothy Trim* being taken into the Family, clap'd their Mistress's Livery over his own tatter'd Coat: That the said *Timothy* was extremely officious about their Mistress's Person, endeavouring by Flattery and Tale-bearing, to set her against the rest of the Servants: No body was so ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropt. That he used to shove and elbow his Fellow-Servants to get near his Mistress, especially when Money was a paying or receiving, then he was never out of the Way: That he was extremely diligent about every Body's Business but his own. That the said *Timothy*, while he was in the Family, us'd to be playing roguish Tricks; when his Mistress's Back was turn'd, he would loll out his Tongue, make Mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like *Harlequin*, ridiculing her Motions and Gestures; but if his Mistress

* Betraying the Interests of the Church when got into Preferments.

look'd.

look'd about, he put on a grave, demure Countenance; as if he had been in a Fit of Devotion: That he us'd often to trip up Stairs so smoothly that you could not hear him tread, and put all Things out of order; that he would pinch the Children and Servants, when he met them in the Dark, so hard, that he left the Print of his Fore-fingers and his Thumb in black and blue; and then slink into a Corner, as if Nobody had done it: Out of the same malicious Design, he us'd to lay Chairs and Joint-stools in their Way, that they might break their Noses by falling over them: The more young and unexperienced he us'd to teach to talk-saucily, and call Names: During his Stay in the Family, there was much Plate missing; being catch'd with a couple of Silver Spoons in his Pocket, with their Handles wrench'd off; he said, he was only going to carry them to the Goldsmiths to be mended: That the said *Timothy* was hated by all the honest Servants, for his ill-condition'd, splenetick Tricks, but especially for his slanderous Tongue; traducing them to their Mistress, as Drunkards, Thieves and Whoremasters: That the said *Timothy* by lying Stories, us'd to set all the Family together by the Ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; * particularly one Day sitting at Table, he spoke Words to this Effect: " I am of Opinion (*quoth* " *he*) That little short Fellows, such as we are, " have better Hearts, and could beat the tall

* The Original of the Distinction in the Names of Low-Churchmen and High-Churchmen.

" Fellows;

“ Fellows; I wish it came to a fair Trial; I be-
 “ lieve these long Fellows, as lightly as they are,
 “ should find their Jackers well thwack’d.

A parcel of tall Fellows, who thought themselves affronted by the Discourse, took up the Quarrel, and to’t they went, the tall Men and the low Men, which continues still a Faction in the Family, to the great Disorder of our Mistress’s Affairs: The said *Timothy* carried this Frolick so far, that he propos’d to his Mistress, that she should entertain no Servant that was above four Foot seven Inches high, and for that Purpose had prepar’d a Gage, by which they were to be measur’d: The good old Gentlewoman was not so simple as to go into his Projects, she began to smell a Rat. “ This *Trim* (quoth she) is an odd
 “ sort of a Fellow, methinks he makes a strange
 “ Figure with that ragged, tatter’d Coat, appear-
 “ ing under his Livery; can’t he go spruce and
 “ clean, like the rest of the Servants? The Fel-
 “ low has a roguish Leer with him, which I don’t
 “ like by any means; besides, he has such a
 “ Twang in his Discourse, and an ungraceful
 “ Way of speaking through the Nose, that one
 “ can hardly understand him; I wish the Fellow
 “ be not tainted with some bad Disease. The
 Witnesses farther made Oath, that the said *Timothy* lay out a-Nights, and went Abroad often at unseasonable Hours; and it was credibly reported, he did Business in another Family: That he pretended to have a squeamish Stomach, and could not eat at Table with the rest of the Ser-
 vants,

vants, tho' this was but a Pretence to provide some nice Bit for himself; that he refus'd to dine upon Salt-Fish, only to have an Opportunity to eat a Calf's Head (his favourite Dish) in private; that for all his tender Stomach, when he was got by himself, he could devour Capons, Turkeys and Sirloins of Beef, like a Cormorant.

Two other Witnesses gave the following Evidence; That in his officious Attendance upon his Mistress, he had try'd to slip a Powder into her Drink, and that he was once catch'd endeavouring to stifle her with a Pillow as she was asleep; that he and **Witchinsecker** were often in close Conference, and that they us'd to drink together at the *Rose*, where it seems he was well enough known by his true Name of *Jack*.

THE Prisoner had little to say in his Defence; he endeavour'd to prove himself *Alibi*; so that the Trial turn'd upon this single Question, whether the said *Timothy Trim* and *Jack* were the same Person; which was prov'd by such plain Tokens, and particularly by a Mole under the left Pap, that there was no withstanding the Evidence; therefore the Worshipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his Trial.

C H A P. XII.

How Jack's Friends came to visit him in Prison, and what Advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had pass'd in the World for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brain'd Fellow. People were strangely surpriz'd to find him in such a Roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false Name, hire himself out for a Servant to an old Gentlewoman, only for an Opportunity to poison her. They said, That it was more generous to profess open Enmity, than under a profound Dissimulation, to be guilty of such a scandalous Breach of Trust, and of the sacred Rights of Hospitality. In short, the Action was universally condemn'd by his best Friends; they told him in plain Terms, that this was come as a Judgment upon him for his loose Life, his Gluttony, Drunkenness, and Avarice, for laying aside his Father's *Will* in an old mouldy Trunk, and turning Stock-jobber, News-monger, and Busy-body, meddling with other People's Affairs, shaking off his old serious Friends, and keeping Company with Buffoons and Pickpockets, his Father's sworn Enemies: That he had best throw himself upon the Mercy of the Court; repent,

repent, and change his Manners. To say truth; *Jack* heard these Discourses with some Compunction; however, he resolv'd to try what his new Acquaintance would do for him: They sent * *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, who deliver'd him the following Message, as the peremptory Commands of his trusty Companions.

Habbakkuk. DEAR *Jack*, I am sorry for thy Misfortune: Matters have not been carried on with due Secrecy; however, we must make the best of a bad Bagain: Thou art in the utmost Jeopardy, that's certain; Hang, Draw and Quarter, are the gentlest Things they talk of. However, thy faithful Friends, ever watchful for thy Security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible Expedient left to save thy Life: Thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the Enemy, by the Means of || *Don Diego*; he assures us there is no Mercy for thee, and that there is only one Way left to escape; it is indeed somewhat out of the common Road; however, be assur'd it is the Result of most mature Deliberation.

Jack. PRITHEE tell me quickly, for my Heart is sunk down in the very bottom of my Belly.

* *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, a certain great Man, who persuaded the Dissenters to consent to the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*, as being for their Interest.

|| A Noble Tory Lord.

Hab. It is the unanimous Opinion of your Friends, that you * *make as if you hanged yourself*; they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your Body out of Prison in a Bier; and *John Bull* being busied with his Law-Suit, will not enquire further into the Matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hang'd myself?

Hab. NAY, you must really hang yourself up, in a true genuine Rope, that there may appear no Trick in it, and leave the rest to your Friends.

Jack. TRULY this is a Matter of some Concern; and my Friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the Means by which they intend to deliver me: A Rope and a Noose are no jesting Matters!

Hab. WHY so mistrustful? hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. MAY I presume to ask who it is, that is entrusted with so important an Office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy How's and thy Why's? *That's a Secret.*

* Consent to the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*.

Jack.

Jack. A Secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange Thing for a Man, before he hangs himself up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. THOU suspicious Creature! if thou must needs know it, I tell thee it is * *Sir Roger*: He has been in Tears ever since thy Misfortune. *Don Diego* and we have laid it so, that he is to be in the next Room, and before the Rope is well about thy Neck, rest satisfied he will break in and cut thee down: Fear not, old Boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I must hang myself up, upon Hopes that *Sir Roger* will cut me down, and all this upon the Credit of *Don Diego*: A fine Stratagem indeed to save my Life, that depends upon Hanging, *Don Diego*, and *Sir Roger*!

Hab. I tell thee there is a *Mystery* in all this, my Friend, * a Piece of profound Policy; if thou knew what good this will do to the *Common Cause*, thy Heart would leap for Joy; I'm sure thou wouldst not delay the Experiment one Moment.

* It was given out that the Earl of O ——— d would oppose the Occasional Bill, and so lose his Credit with the Tories; and the Dissenters did believe he would not suffer it to pass.

Jack. THIS is to the Tune of *All for the better.* What's your Cause to me, when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory Mortal! If thou wilt not trust thy Friends, take what follows; know assuredly, before next Full-Moon, that thou wilt be hung up in Chains, or thy Quarters perching upon the most conspicuous Places of the Kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with Hanging; they talk of Empaling, or breaking on the Wheel; and thou chusest that, before a gentle Suspending of thy self for one Minute, Hanging is not so painful a Thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several that have undergone it, they all agree it is no manner of Uneasiness: Be sure thou take good Notice of the Symptoms, the Relation will be curious. It is but a Kick or two with thy Heels, and a wry Mouth or so: Sir Roger will be with thee in the Twinkling of an Eye.

Jack. BUT what if Sir Roger should not come; will my Friends be there to succour me?

Hab. DOUBT it not; I will provide every thing against To-morrow Morning, do thou keep thy own Secret, say nothing: I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the common Good, that thou shouldst go through this Operation.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIII.

How Jack hanged himself up by the Persuasion of his Friends, who broke their Word, and left his Neck in the Noose.

JACK was a profess'd Enemy to *Implicit Faith*, and yet I dare say it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this Occasion. He was now with his old Friends in the State of a poor disbanded Officer after a Peace, or rather a wounded Soldier after a Battel; like an old Favourite of a cunning Minister after the Job is over; or a decayed Beauty to a cloy'd Lover in quest of new Game; or like an hundred such Things that one sees every Day. There were new Intrigues, new Views, new Projects on foot; *Jack's* Life was the Purchase of *Diego's* Friendship, much good may it do them. The Interest of *Hocus* and *Sir William Crawley*, which was now more at Heart, made this Operation upon poor *Jack* absolutely necessary. You may easily guess that his Rest that Night was but small, and much disturb'd; however, the remaining Part of his Time he did not employ (as his Custom was formerly) in Prayer, Meditation, or singing a double Verse of a Psalm, but amused himself with disposing of his Bank-Stock. Many a Doubt,

many a Qualm, overspread his clouded Imagination: "Must I then (quoth he) hang up my own
 " personal, natural, individual Self, with these
 " two Hands! *Durus Sermo!* What if I should
 " be cut down, as my Friends tell me? There
 " is something infamous in the very Attempt;
 " the World will conclude I had a guilty Con-
 " science. Is it possible that good Man, Sir
 " Roger, can have so much Pity upon an unfor-
 " tunate Scoundrel; that has persecuted him so
 " many Years? No, it cannot be: I don't love
 " Favours that pass through *Don Diego's* Hands.
 " On the other side, my Blood chills about my
 " Heart, at the Thought of these Rogues, with
 " their bloody Hands grabbling in my Guts, and
 " pulling out my very Entrails: Hang it, for
 " once I'll trust my Friends." So *Jack* resolved;
 but he had done more wisely to have put himself
 upon the Trial of his Country, and made his
 Defence in Form; many things happen between
 the Cup and the Lip. Witnesses might have been
 bribed, Juries manag'd, or Prosecution stopped:
 But so it was, *Jack* for this Time had a sufficient
 Stock of implicit Faith, which led him to his
 Ruin, as the Sequel of the Story shews.

AND now the fatal Day was come, in which
 he was to try this hanging Experiment. His
 Friends did not fail him at the appointed Hour,
 to see it put in Practice. *Habbakkuk* brought him
 a smooth, strong, tough Rope, made of many
 a Ply of wholesome *Scandinavian* Hemp, com-
 pactly twisted together, with a Noose that slip

as glib as a Bird-catcher's Gin. *Jack* shrunk and grew pale at first Sight of it, he handled it, he measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the Iron Bar of the Window to try its Strength, but no Familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found Fault with the Length, the Thickness, and the Twist, nay, the very Colour did not please him. "Will nothing less than Hanging serve" (quoth *Jack*?) "Won't my Enemies take Bail for my good Behaviour? Will they accept of a Fine, or be satisfied with the Pillory and Imprisonment, a good round Whipping, or Burning in the Cheek?"

Hab. NOTHING but your Blood will appease their Rage; make haste, else we shall be discovered. There's nothing like surprizing the Rogues: How they will be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their Revenge, and hanged thine own self?

Jack. THAT's true; but what if I should do it in Effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? we are not so unlike, but it may pass.

Hab. THAT can never be put upon Sir Roger.

Jack. ARE you sure he is in the next Room? Have you provided a very sharp Knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. DOST take me for a common Lyar? be satisfied, no Damage can happen to your Person; your Friends will take Care of that.

Jack. MAYN'T I quilt my Rope? it galls my Neck strangely: Besides, I don't like this running Knot, it holds too tight, I may be stifled all of a sudden.

Hab. THOU hast so many If's and And's; prithee dispatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. BUT now I think on't, I would fain settle some Affairs, for fear of the worst: Have a little Patience.

Hab. THERE's no having Patience, thou art such a faintling, silly Creature.

Jack. O thou most detestable, abominable *Passive Obedience!* did I ever imagine I should become thy Votary, in so pregnant an Instance! How will my Brother *Martin* laugh at this Story, to see himself out-done in his own Calling? He has taken the Doctrine, and left me the Practice.

No sooner had he uttered these Words, but like a Man of true Courage, he ty'd the fatal Cord to the Beam, fitted the Noose, and mounted upon the Bottom of a Tub, the Inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous Days. This
Footstool

Footstool *Habbakkuk* kick'd away, and left poor *Jack* swinging, like the Pendulum of *Paul's* Clock. The fatal Noose perform'd its Office, and with most strict Ligature squeez'd the Blood into his Face, till it assum'd a purple Dye. While the poor Man heav'd from the very Bottom of his Belly for Breath, *Habbakkuk* walk'd with great Deliberation into both the upper and lower Room, to acquaint his Friends, who received the News with great Temper, and with Jeers and Scoffs instead of Pity. " *Jack* has hang'd himself, quoth they! let us go and see how the poor Rogue swings." Then they call'd Sir Roger. " Sir Roger (quoth *Habbakkuk*) *Jack* has hang'd himself, make haste and cut him down. Sir Roger turn'd first one Ear, and then t'other, not understanding what he said.

Hab. I tell you *Jack* has hang'd himself up.

Sir Roger. Who's hang'd?

Hab. Jack.

Sir Roger. I thought this had not been hanging Day.

Hab. BUT the poor Fellow has hang'd himself.

Sir Roger. THEN let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the Fellow has been mad these Twenty Years. With this he slunk away.

THEN *Jack's* Friends began to hunch and push one another, *Why don't you go and cut the poor Fellow down? Why don't you? And why don't you? Not I* (quoth one); *Not I* (quoth another); *Not I* (quoth a third); *he may hang 'till Doomsday before I relieve him.* Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor Friend in this his dismal Circumstance, that **Witschirnsucker** and several of his Companions went in and pull'd him by the Legs, and thump'd him on the Breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very Thing which they had advis'd and justified before, *viz.* his getting into the Old Gentlewoman's Family, and putting on her Livery. The Keeper, who perform'd the last Office, coming up, found *Jack* swinging, with no Life in him; he took down the Body gently and laid it on a Bulk, and brought out the Rope to the Company. *This, Gentlemen, is the Rope that hang'd Jack; what must be done with it?* Upon which they order'd it to be laid among the Curiosities of Gresham-College, and it is call'd *Jack's Rope* to this very Day. However, *Jack*, after all, had some small Tokens of Life in him, but lies, at this Time past hopes of a total Recovery, with his Head hanging on one Shoulder, without Speech or Motion. The Coroner's Inquest supposing him to be dead, brought him in *Non Compos.*

C H A P. XIV.

The Conference between Don Diego and John Bull.

DURING the Time of the foregoing Transaction, *Don Diego* was entertaining *John Bull*.

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this Day's Proceeding will convince you of the Sincerity of your old Friend *Diego*, and the Treachery of Sir *Roger*.

J. Bull. WHAT's the Matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for several Years, to have Justice done upon that Rogue *Jack*, but what through the Remissness of Constables, Justices, and pack'd Juries, he has always found the Means to escape.

J. Bull. WHAT then?

D. Diego. CONSIDER then, who is your best Friend, he that would have brought him to condign Punishment, or he that has fav'd him. By my Persuasion *Jack* had hang'd himself, if Sir *Roger* had not cut him down.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. WHO told you that Sir Roger has done so?

D. Diego. YOU seem to receive me coldly; methinks my Services deserve a better Return.

J. Bull. SINCE you value your self upon hanging this poor Scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more Hanging-work, I'll send for thee: I have some better Employment for Sir Roger: In the mean time, I desire the poor Fellow may be look'd after. When he first came out of the North Country into my Family, under the pretended Name of *Timothy Trim*, the Fellow seem'd to mind his Loom and his Spinning-wheel, 'till somebody turn'd his Head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the Government of my whole Family: I could never order any thing, within or without Doors, but he must be always giving his Council, forsooth: Nevertheless, tell him, I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his Business for the future, and not meddle out of his own Sphere, he will find, that *John Bull* is not of a cruel Disposition.

D. Diego. YET all your skilful Physicians say, that nothing can recover your Mother, but a Piece of *Jack's* Liver boil'd in her Soupe.

J. Bull. THOSE are Quacks: My Mother abhors such Cannibal's Food: She is in perfect Health at present: I would have given many a
2 good

good Pound to have had her so well sometime ago.
 * There are indeed two or three troublesome old
 Nurses, that because they believe I am tender-
 hearted, will never let me have a quiet Night's
 Rest with knocking me up: "Oh, Sir, your
 Mother is taken extremely ill! she is fallen into
 "a fainting Fit! she has a great Emptiness, wants
 "Sustenance!" This is only to recommend them-
 selves for their great Care: *John Bull*, as simple
 as he is, understands a little of a Pulse.

C H A P. XV.

The Sequel of the Meeting at the
 † Salutation.

WHERE I think I left *John Bull*, sitting
 between *Nic. Frog* and *Lewis Baboon*, with
 his Arms a-kimbo, in great Concern to keep
Lewis and *Nic.* asunder. As watchful as he was,
Nic. found the Means now and then to steal a
 Whisper, and by a cleanly Conveyance under
 the Table, to slip a short Note into *Lewis's*
 Hand; which *Lewis* as sily put into *John's*
 Pocket, with a Pinch or a Jog, to warn him
 what he was about. *John* had the Curiosity to

* New Clamours about the Danger of the Church.

† At the Congress of U ——— cdt.

retire into a Corner, to peruse these * *Billet down* of Nic's; wherein he found that Nic. had used great Freedoms, both with his Interest and Reputation. One contain'd these Words: *Dear Lewis, Thou seest clearly that this Blockhead can never bring his Matters to bear: Let thee and me talk to Night by ourselves, at the Rose, and I'll give thee Satisfaction.* Another was thus express'd: *Friend Lewis, Has thy Sense quite forsaken thee, to make Bull such Offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better Bargain, I'll warrant thee.*

IN some of his Billets he told Lewis, " That *John Bull* was under his Guardianship; that " the best part of his Servants were at his Com- " mand; that he could have *John* gag'd and " bound whenever he pleas'd by the People of " his own Family." In all these Epistles, Block- head, Dunce, Ass, Coxcomb, were the best Epi- thets he gave poor *John*. In others he threatned, † " That he, Esquire *South*, and the rest of the " Tradesmen, would lay *Lewis* down upon his " Back and beat out his Teeth, if he did not re- " tire immediately, and break up the Meeting."

I FANCY I need not tell my Reader, that *John* often chang'd Colour as he read, and that his Fingers itch'd to give Nic. a good Slap on the

* Some Offers of the *D* ——— *b* at that Time, in order to get the Negotiation into their Hands.

† Threatening that the *Allies* would carry on the War without the Help of the *E* ——— *sh*.

Chops; but he wisely moderated his cholerick Temper. * " I sav'd this Fellow (quoth he) " from the Gallows, when he ran away from his " last Master, because I thought he was harshly " treated; but the Rogue was no sooner safe " under my Protection, than he began to lye, " pilfer and steal like the Devil. When I first " set him up in a warm House, he had hardly " put up his Sign, when he began to bebauch " my best Customers from me. * Then it was " his constant Practice to rob my Fish-ponds, " not only to feed his Family, but to trade with " the Fishmongers: I conniv'd at the Fellow till " he began to tell me, that they were his as " much as mine. In my Manor of * *Eastcheap*, " because it lay at some Distance from my con- " stant Inspection, he broke down my Fences, " robb'd my Orchards, and beat my Servants. " When I used to reprimand him for his Tricks, " he would talk saucily, lye, and brazen it out, " as if he had done nothing amiss. Will nothing " cure thee of thy Pranks, Nic? (quoth I) I " shall be forc'd some time or other to chastise " thee. The Rogue got up his Cane and " threatened me, and was well thwack'd for his " Pains. But I think his Behaviour at this Time " worst of all; after I have almost drowned my " self to keep his Head above Water, he would " leave me sticking in the Mud, trusting to his " Goodness to help me out. After I have beg-

*** Complaints against the D——b for Encroachment in Trade, Fishery, *East Indies*, &c. The War with the D——b on these accounts.

" gar'd

"gar'd myself with his troublesome Law-Suit;
 "with a Pox to him, he takes it in mighty
 "Dudgeon, because I have brought him here to
 "end Matters amicably, and because I won't let
 "him make me over by Deed and Indenture
 "as his lawful Cully; which to my certain
 "Knowledge he has attempted several Times.
 "But, after all, can'st thou gather Grapes from
 "Thorns? *Nic.* does not pretend to be a Gen-
 "tleman; he is a Tradesman, a self-seeking
 "Wretch: But how camest thou to bear all this,
 "*John*? The Reason is plain; thou conferrest
 "the Benefits, and he receives them; the first
 "produces Love, and the last Ingratitude. Ah!
 "*Nic.* *Nic.* thou art a damn'd Dog, that's cer-
 "tain; thou knowest too well that I will take
 "Care of thee; else thou wouldst not use me
 "thus. I won't give thee up, it is true; but as
 "true as it is, thou shalt not sell me, according
 "to thy laudable Custom." While *John* was
 deep in this Soliloquy, *Nic.* broke out into the
 following Protestation.

Gentlemen,

*I believe every body here present will allow me
 to be a very just and disinterested Person, My
 Friend John Bull here is very angry with me, for-
 sooth, because I won't agree to his foolish Bar-
 gains. Now I declare to all Mankind, I should
 be ready to sacrifice my own Concerns to his Qui-
 et; but the Care of his Interest, and that of the
 honest * Tradesmen that are embark'd with us,*

* The A——s.

keeps

keeps me from entering into this Composition. What shall become of those poor Creatures? The Thoughts of their impending Ruin disturbs my Night's Rest, therefore I desire they may speak for themselves. If they are willing to give up this Affair, I shan't make two Words of it.

John Bull begg'd him to lay aside that immoderate Concern for him; and withal put him in Mind, that the Interest of those Tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him some Years ago, on a like Occasion. *Nic.* answer'd little to that, but immediately pull'd out a Boatswain's Whistle. Upon the first Whiff, the *Tradesmen* came jumping into the Room, and began to surround *Lewis*, like so many yelping Curs about a great Boar; or, to use a modefter Simile, like Duns at a great Lord's Levee the Morning he goes into the Country. One pull'd him by the Sleeve, another by the Skirt, a third hollow'd in his Ear: They began to ask him for all that had been taken from their Forefathers by Stealth, Fraud, Force, or lawful Purchase: Some ask'd for Manors, others for Acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his Fences, level his Ditches: All agreed in one common Demand, that he should be purg'd, sweated, vomited, and starv'd, till he came to a sizeable Bulk, like that of his Neighbours: One modestly ask'd him Leave to call him Brother; *Nic. Frog* demanded two Things, to be his Porter and his Fishmonger, to keep the Keys of his Gates, and furnish his Kitchen. *John's* Sister *Peg* only desir'd that he would
let

let his Servants sing Psalms a Sundays. Some descended even to the asking of old Cloaths, Shoes, and Boots, broken Bottles, Tobacco-pipes, and Ends of Candles.

MONSIEUR *Bull* (quoth *Lewis*) you seem to be a Man of some Breeding; for God's Sake use your Interest with these Messieurs, that they would speak but one at once; for if one had a hundred Pair of Hands, and as many Tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at this Rate. *John* begg'd they might proceed with some Method; then they stopp'd all of a sudden, and would not say a Word. If this be your Play (quoth *John*) that we may not be like a Quaker's Dumb Meeting. let us begin some Diversion; what d'ye think of Rouly-Pouly, or a Country Dance? What if we should have a Match at Football? I am sure we shall never end Matters at this Rate.

CHAP. XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled their Accounts.

J. Bull. DURING this general Cessation of Talk, what if you and I, *Nic.* should enquire how Money-matters stand between us?

Nic.

Nic. Frog. WITH all my Heart, I love exact Dealing; and let *Hocus* audit; he knows how the Money was disburs'd.

J. Bull. I AM not much for that at present; we'll settle it between ourselves: Fair and square, *Nic.* keeps Friends together. There have been laid out in this Law-Suit, at one Time, 36000 Pounds and 40000 Crowns: In some Cases I, in others you, bear the greatest Proportion.

Nic. RIGHT: I pay Three Fifths of the greatest Number, and you pay Two Thirds of the lesser Number: I think this is Fair and Square as you call it.

John. WELL, go on.

Nic. Two Thirds of 36000 Pounds are 24000 Pounds for your Share, and there remains 12000 for mine. - Again, Of the 40000 Crowns I pay 24000, which is Three Fifths, and you pay only 16000, which is Two Fifths; 24000 Crowns make 6000 Pounds, and 16000 Crowns make 4000 Pounds; 12000 and 6000 make 18000; 24000 and 4000 make 28000. So there are 18000 Pounds to my Share of the Expences, and 28000 to yours.

AFTER *Nic.* had bambouzed *John* a while about the 18000 and the 28000, *John* call'd for Counters; but what with Slight of Hand, and taking

taking from his own Score, and adding to *John's*, *Nic.* brought the Balance always on his own Side.

J. Bull. NAY, good Friend *Nic.* though I am not quite so nimble in the Fingers, I understand Cyphering as well as you. I will produce you my Accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own Books; and here I begin with the first. You must excuse me if I don't pronounce the Law Terms right.

[*John Reads.*]

For the *Expences ordinary* of the Suits, Fees to Judges, puny Judges, Lawyers innumerable of all Sorts

Of *Extraordinaries*, as follows per Accompt

To Esquire *South's* Accompt for *post Terminums*

To ditto for *Non est Factums*

To ditto for *Noli Prosequi's*, *Discontinuance*, and *Retraxit*

For *Writs of Error*

Suits of *Conditions unperform'd*

To Hocus for *Dedimus potestatem*

To ditto for a *Capias ad Computandum*

To *Frog's* new Tenants per Accompt to Hocus, for *Audita querela's*

On the said Account for *Writs of Ejectment* and *Distringas*

To Esquire *South's* Quota for a Return of a *Non est Invent.* and *Nulla habet bona*

To — for a Pardon in *forma pauperis*

To

JOHN BULL. 141

To *Jack* for a *Melius inquirendum* upon a *Felo de se.* - - - - -
 To Coach-hire - - - - -
 For Treats to Juries and Witnesſes - - - - -

John having read over his Articles, with the reſpective Sums, brought in *Frog* Debtor to him upon the Balance - - - - - 3382 12 00

Then *Nic. Frog* pull'd his Bill out of his Pocket and began to read :

Nicholas Frog's Account.

Remains to be deducted out of the former Account.

Paid by *Nic. Frog*, for his Share of the ordinary Expences of the Suit - - - - -
 To *Hocus* for Entries of a *Rege inconſulto* - - - - -
 To *John Bull's* Nephew for a *Venire facias*, the Money not yet all laid out - - - - -
 The Coach-hire for my Wife and Family, and the Carriage of my Goods during the Time of this Law-Suit - - - - -
 For the Extraordinary Expences of feeding my Family during this Law-Suit - - - - -
 To Major *Ab.* - - - - -
 To Major *Will.* - - - - -

And ſumming all up, found due upon the Balance by *John Bull* to *Nic. Frog* - 09 04 06

John

John Bull. As for your *Venire facias* I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonsuited. I'll take Care of my Nephew myself. Your *Coach-hire* and Family Charges are most unreasonable Deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any Man in the World my Debtor. But who the Devil are those two *Majors* that consume all my Money? I find they always run away with the Ballance in all *Accompts*.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest Gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some Service. To tell you plainly, *Major Ab.* denotes thy greater *Ability*, and *Major Will.* thy greater *Willingness* to carry on this Law-Suit. It was but reasonable thou shouldst pay both for thy *Power* and thy *Positiveness*.

J. Bull. I believe I shall have those two honest *Majors* discount on my side in a little Time.

Nic. Frog. WHY all this Higglings with thy Friend about such a paltry Sum? Does this become the Generosity of the noble and rich *John Bull*? I wonder thou art not ashamed. Oh *Hocus*! *Hocus*! where art thou? It used to go another guesss Manner in thy Time. When a poor Man has almost undone himself for thy Sake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy Conscience, *John*?

J. Bull.

J. Bull. VERY pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy Lawyers by the Year, so a fresh Law-Suit adds but little to thy Expences; * they are thy Customers; I hardly ever sell them a Farthing's-worth of any thing: Nay, thou hast set up an Eating-house, where the whole Tribe of them spend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckon'd, I believe thou gettest more of my Money, than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead Poverty, own at least that thy Accompts are false.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I, I refer myself to these honest Gentlemen, let them judge between us. Let Esquire South speak his Mind, whether my Accompts are nor right, and whether we ought not to go on with our Law-Suit.

J. Bull. Consult the Butchers about keeping of Lent. Dost think that *John Bull* will be try'd by Pypowders? I tell you once for all, *John Bull* knows where his Shoe pinches. None of your Esquires shall give him the Law, as long as he wears this trusty Weapon by his Side, or has an Inch of Broad Cloth in his Shop.

Nic. Frog. WHY there it is, you will be both Judge and Party; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy head-strong Humour before these strange Gentlemen: I have often told thee it would prove thy Ruin some time or other: Let

* The Money spent in *H-----* and *Fl-----*

it

it never be said that the famous *John Bull* has departed in despite of Court.

J. Bull. AND will it not reflect as much on thy Character, *Nic.* to turn Barreter in thy old Days; a Stirrer up of Quarrels amongst thy Neighbours? I tell thee, *Nic.* some time or other thou wilt repent this.

BUT *John* saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little Success in settling his Accompts, as ending the Composition. Since they will needs overload my Shoulders, (quoth *John*) I shall throw down the Burden with a Squash amongst them, take it up who dares; a Man has a fine time of it amongst a Combination of Sharpers, that vouch for one another's Honesty. *John*, look to thyself, Old *Lewis* makes reasonable Offers; when thou hast spent the small Pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious Figure, when thou art brought to live upon *Nic. Frog* and Esquire *South's* Generosity and Gratitude: If they use thee thus when they want thee, what will they do when thou wantest them? I say again, *John*, look to thyself.

JOHN wisely stifled his Resentments, and told the Company, that in a little time he should give them Law, or something better.

All. * Law! Law! Sir, by all Means, What is Twenty-two poor Years towards the

* Clamour for continuing the War.

finishing

finishing a Law-Suit? For the Love of God more Law, Sir!

J. Bull. PREPARE your Demands how many Years more of Law you want, that I may order my Affairs accordingly. In the mean while, farewell.

C H A P. XVII.

* *How John Bull found all his Family in an Uproar at Home.*

NIC. FROG, who thought of nothing but carrying *John* to the Market, and there disposing of him as his own proper Goods, was mad to find that *John* thought himself now of Age to look after his own Affairs. He resolved to traverse this new Project, and to make him uneasy in his own *Family*. He had corrupted or deluded most of his Servants into the most extravagant Conceits in the World; that their Master was run mad, and wore a Dagger in one Pocket, and Poison in the other; that he had sold his Wife and Children to *Lewis*, disinherited his *Heir*, and was going to settle his Estate upon a *Parish-Boy*; that if they did not look after their

* Clamours about the Danger of the Succession.

Master, he would do some very mischievous thing. When *John* came Home, he found a more surprizing Scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He called his Cook-maid *Betty* to bespeak his Dinner: *Betty* told him, *That she begged his Pardon, she could not dress Dinner till she knew what he intended to do with his Will.* Why, *Betty*, (quoth *John*) thou art not run mad, art thou? My Will at present is to have Dinner: *That may be*, (quoth *Betty*) *but my Conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whether you intend to do righteous Things by your Heir?* I am sorry for that, *Betty*, (quoth *John*) I must find Somebody else then. Then he call'd *John* the Barber. *Before I begin* (quoth *John*) *I hope your Honour won't be offended, if I ask you whether you intend to alter your Will? If you won't give me a positive Answer, your Beard may grow down to your Middle, for me.* 'Tisad and so it shall, (quoth *Bull*) for I will never trust my Throat in such a mad Fellow's Hands. Where's *Dick* the Butler? Look ye (quoth *Dick*) *I am very willing to serve you in my Calling, & you see; but there are strange Reports, and Plain dealing is best, & ye see. I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your Nephew, and if Nic. Frog is still your Executor, & ye see; if you will not satisfy me as to these Points, you may drink with the Ducks.* And so I will, (quoth *John*) rather than keep a Butler that loves my Heir better than myself. *Hob* the Shoemaker, and *Pricker* the Taylor told him, They would

would most willingly serve him in their several Stations, if he would promise them never to talk with *Lewis Baboon*, and let *Nicholas Frog*, Linen-draper, manage his Concerns; that they could neither make Shoes nor Cloaths to any that were not in good Correspondence with their worthy Friend *Nicholas*.

J. Bull. CALL *Andrew* my Journey-man. How goes Affairs, *Andrew*? I hope the Devil has not taken Possession of thy Body too.

Andrew. No, Sir; I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. JUST as other dead Folks do, *Andrew*. This is amazing! *Afide*.

Andrew. I mean if your Nephew shall inherit your Estate?

J. Bull. THAT depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. BUT will you make it sure?

J. Bull. THOU mean'st, that I should put him in Possession, for I can make it no surer without that; he has all the Law can give him.

Andrew. INDEED Possession, as you say, would make it much surer; they say, it is eleven Points of the Law.

JOHN began now to think that they were all enchanted; he enquired about the Age of the Moon, if *Nic.* had not given them some intoxicating *Potion*, or if old Mother *Jenisa* was still alive? No, *o'my Faith*, (quoth *Harry*). *I believe there is no Potion in the Case, but a little Aurum Potabile. You will have more of this by and by.* He had scarce spoke the Word, when another Friend of *John's* accosted him after the following Manner.

“ SINCE those worthy Persons, who are as
 “ much concerned for your Safety as I am, have
 “ employed me as their Orator, I desire to know
 “ whether you will have it by way of *Syllogism*,
 “ *Enthymem*, *Dilemma*, or *Sorites*.

JOHN now began to be diverted with their Extravagance.

J. Bull: LET's have a *Sorites* by all means; though they are all new to me.

Friend. IT is evident to all that are versed in History, that there were two *Sisters* that play'd the Whore two thousand Years ago: Therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of Intercourse with *Lewis Baboon*: If it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of Intercourse (Correspondence, if you will, that is much the same Thing) then *a fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said *John* to make over his Wife and Children

to

to the said *Lewis*: If his Wife and Children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a Dagger and Ratsbane in his *Pockets*: If he wears a Dagger and Ratsbane, it must be to do Mischief to himself, or somebody else: If he intends to do Mischief, he ought to be under Guardians, and there is none so fit as myself, and some other worthy Persons, who have a Commission for that Purpose from *Nic. Frog*, the Executor of his Will and Testament.

J. Bull. AND this is your *Sorites*, you say. — With that he snatched a good tough Oaken Cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the Man that was first at the Door; crowding to get out, they tumbled down Stairs; and it is credibly reported some of them dropp'd very valuable Things in the Hurry, which were picked up by others of the Family.

THAT any of these Rogues (quoth *John*) should imagine, I am not as much concerned as they, about having my Affairs in a settled Condition, or that I would wrong my Heir for I know not what! Well, *Nic.* I really cannot but applaud thy Diligence; I must own this is really a pretty Sort of a Trick, but it shan't do thy Business for all that.

C H A P. XVIII.

* *How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what passed between them.*

I Think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the Reader, that this Chapter was not wrote by Sir *Humphry* himself, but by another very able Pen of the University of *Grubstreet*.

JOHN had (by some good Instructions given him by Sir *Roger*) got the better of his cholerick Temper, and wrought himself up to a great Steadiness of Mind, to pursue his own Interest through all Impediments that were thrown in the Way; He began to leave off some of his old Acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the Streets; he put on a serious Air, knit his Brows, and, for the Time, had made a very considerable Progress in Politicks, considering that he had been kept a Stranger to his own Affairs. However, he could not help discovering some Remains of his Nature, when he happened to meet with a Foot-ball, or a Match at Cricket; for which Sir *Roger* was sure to take him to task. *John* was walking about his Room, with folded

* Private Negotiations about *Dunkirk*.

Arms,

Arms, and a most thoughtful Countenance; his Servant brought him Word that one *Lewis Baboon* below wanted to speak with him. *John* had got an Impression that *Lewis* was so deadly cunning a Man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: At last he took Heart of Grace; *Let him come up* (quoth he) *it is but sticking to my Point, and he can never over-reach me.*

Lewis Baboon. MONSIEUR *Bull*, I will frankly acknowledge, that my Behaviour to my Neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with Usage accordingly. I was fond of Back-sword and Cudgel-play from my Youth, and I now bear in my Body many a black and blue Gash and Scar, God knows. I had as good a Warehouse, and as fair Possessions, as any of my Neighbours, tho' I say it; but a contentious Temper, flattering Servants, and unfortunate Stars, have brought me into Circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my Misfortunes are heightened by domestick Calamities, that I need not relate. I am a poor old batter'd Fellow, and I would willingly end my Days in Peace: But, alas! I see but small Hopes of that, for every new Circumstance affords an Argument to my Enemies to pursue their Revenge: Formerly I was to be banged because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppressed when too poor. *Nic. Frog* has used me like a *Scoundrel*;

you are a Gentleman, and I freely put myself in your Hands, to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. LOOK you, Master *Baboon*, as to your Usage of your Neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that Chapter; let it suffice at present that you have been met with: You have been rolling a great Stone up Hill all your Life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to Pieces: Plain-dealing is best. If you have any particular Mark, Mr. *Baboon*, whereby one may know when you Fib, and when you speak Truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I shall trust you.

L. Baboon. I KNOW of no particular Mark of Veracity amongst us Tradesmen, but Interest; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this Time; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Bull. THE Trust I give is in short this, I must have something in Hand, before I make the Bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To shew you I deal fairly, name your Something.

J. Bull. I NEED not tell thee, old Boy; thou canst guess.

L. Baboon.

L. Baboon. * *Ecclesdown-Castle*, I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your Family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I SHALL have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

J. Bull. EVERY Wall, Gate, Room, and Inch of *Ecclesdown-Castle*, you say?

L. Baboon. JUST so.

J. Bull. EVERY single Stone of *Ecclesdown-Castle*, to m'own self, speedily!

L. Baboon. WHEN you please, what needs more Words?

J. Bull. BUT tell me, old Boy, hast thou laid aside all thy *Equivocals* and *Mentals* in this Case?

L. Baboon. THERE is nothing like Matter of Fact; Seeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talk'st to the Purpose; let us shake Hands, old Boy. Let me ask thee one Question more, What hast thou to do to meddle with the Affairs of my Family? To dispose of my Estate, old Boy?

* *Dunkirk.*

L. Baboon. JUST as much as you have to do with the Affairs of Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. AY, but my Trade, my very Being, was concern'd in that.

L. Baboon. AND my Interest was concern'd in the other: But let us drop both our Pretences; for I believe it is a moot Point, whether I am more likely to make a Master *Bull*, or you a Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. AGREED, old Boy; but then I must have Security that I shall carry my Broad Cloth to Market, old Boy.

L. Baboon. That you shall: *Ecclestown-Castle! Ecclestown!* Remember that: Why would'st thou not take it when it was offer'd thee some Years ago?

J. Bull. I WOULD not take it, because they told me thou would'st not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monsieur *Bull* be so grossly abused by downright Nonsense? They that advis'd you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the Experiment? But I can tell you more of that Matter than perhaps you know at present.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. BUT what say'st thou as to the Esquire, *Nic. Frog*, and the rest of the Tradesmen? I must take Care of them.

L. Baboon. THOU hast but small Obligations to *Nic.* to my certain Knowledge: He has not used me like a Gentleman,

J. Bull. *Nic.* indeed is not very nice in your Punctilio's of Ceremony; he is clownish, as a Man may say: Belching and calling of Names have been allow'd him Time out of Mind, by Prescription: But however, we are engag'd in one common Cause, and I must look after him.

L. Baboon. ALL Matters that relate to him, and the rest of the Plaintiffs in this Law-Suit, I will refer to your Justice.



C H A P. XIX.

Nic. Frog's Letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his Conduct, with relation to John Bull and the Law-Suit.

NIC. perceiv'd now that his Cully had elop'd, that *John* intended henceforth to deal without a Broker; but he was resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to cover his Bubble: Amongst other Artifices he wrote a most obliging Letter, which he sent him printed in a fair Character.

* Dear Friend,

WHEN I consider the late ill Usage I have met with from you, I was reflecting what it was that could provoke you to it; but upon a narrow Inspection into my Conduct, I can find nothing to reproach myself with, but too partial a Concern for your Interest. You no sooner set this Composition a-foot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your very Wishes; and the Affair might

* Substance of the States Letter.

have

have been ended before now, had it not been for the greater Concerns of Esquire South, and the other poor Creatures embark'd in the same common Cause, whose Safety touches me to the quick. You seem'd a little jealous that I had dealt unfairly with you in Money-matters, 'till it appear'd by your own Accounts, that there was something due to me upon the Ballance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a Demonstration, you began to complain as if I had been familiar with your Reputation; when it is well known, not only I, but the meanest Servants in my Family, talk of you with the utmost Respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your Servants and Tenants to be dutiful; not that I any ways meddle in your domestick Affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If some of your Servants express their great Concern for you in a Manner that is not so very polite, you ought to impute it to their extraordinary Zeal, which deserves a Reward, rather than a Reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of Success at the Salutation, since I am not Master of the Passions and Interests of other Folks. I have beggar'd myself with this Law-Suit, undertaken merely in Complaisance to you; and if you would have had but a little Patience, I had still greater Things in reserve, that I intended to have done for you. I hope what I have said will prevail with you to lay aside your unreasonable Jealousies, and that we may have no more Meetings at the Salutation, spending our Time and Money to no purpose. My Concern for your Wel-
fare

fare and Prosperity, almost makes me mad. You may be assur'd I will continue to be

Your affectionate

Friend and Servant,

NIC. FROG.

JOHN receiv'd this with a good deal of *Sang froid*; *Transeat* (quoth *John*) *cum ceteris erroribus*: He was now at his Ease; he saw he could now make a very good Bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other Folks. *My Shirt* (quoth he) *is near me, but my Skin is nearer*: Whilst I take care of the Welfare of other Folks, no body can blame me, to apply a little Balsam to my own Sores. It's a pretty Thing, after all, for a Man to do his own Business; a Man has such a tender Concern for himself, there's nothing like it. This is somewhat better, I trow, than for John Bull to be standing in the Market, like a great Dray-horse, with Frog's Paws upon his Head. What will you give me for this Beast? Serviteur Nic. Frog, you may kiss my Backside if you please. Though John Bull has not read your Aristotle's, Plato's and Machiavel's, he can see as far into a Mill-stone as another. With that John began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to burst his Sides.

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

* *The Discourse that pass'd between Nic. Frog and Esquire South, which John Bull overbear'd.*

JOHN thought every Minute a Year till he got into *Ecclestown-Castle*; he repairs to the *Salutation*, with a Design to break the Matter gently to his Partners: Before he enter'd, he overbear'd *Nic.* and the *Esquire* in a very pleasant Conference.

Esq, South. Oh the Ingratitude and Injustice of Mankind! That *John Bull*, whom I have honour'd with my Friendship and Protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more Money for me! That the Family of the *Souths*, by his sneaking Temper, should be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An't like your Worship, I am in amaze at it; I think the Rogue should be compell'd to do his Duty.

* Negotiations between the E——r and the D——t for continuing the War, and getting the Property of *Fl——rs*.

Esq; South. THAT he should prefer his scandalous Pelf, the Dust and Dregs of the Earth, to the Prosperity and Grandeur of my Family!

Nic. Frog. NAY, he is mistaken there too; for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his Vails. It's strange he should prefer *Philip Baboon's* Custom to *Esq; South's*.

Esq; South. As you say, that my Clothier, that is to get so much by the Purchase, should refuse to put me in Possession; did you ever know any Man's Tradesmen serve him so before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't please your Worship, it is a very unusual Proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the World. If your Honour had not a great Stock of Moderation and Patience, you would nor bear it so well as you do.

Esq; South. It is most intolerable, that's certain, *Nic.* and I will be reveng'd.

Nic. Frog. METHINKS it is strange, that *Philip Baboon's* Tenants do not all take your Honour's Part, considering how good and gentle a Master you are.

Esq; South. TRUE, *Nic.* but few are sensible of Merit in this World: It is a great Comfort,
to

JOHN BULL: 161

to have so faithful a Friend as thyself in so critical a Juncture.

Nic. Frog. IF all the World should forsake you, be assured *Nic. Frog* never will; let us stick to our point, and we'll manage *Bull*, I'll warrant ye.

Esq; South. LET me kiss thee, dear *Nic.* I have found one honest Man among a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog. IF it were possible, your Honour has it in your Power to wed me still closer to your Interest.

Esq; South. TELL me quickly, dear *Nic.*

Nic. Frog. You know I am your Tenant; the Difference between my Lease and an Inheritance is such a Trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor Friend; that will be an Encouragement to go on; besides it will make *Bull* as mad as the Devil: you and I shall be able to manage him then to some Purpose.

Esq; South. SAY no more, it shall be done, *Nic.* to thy Heart's Content.

JOHN all this while was listening to this comical Dialogue, and laugh'd heartily in his Sleeve, at the Pride and Simplicity of the *Esquire*, and the sly Roguery of his Friend *Nic.* Then of a sudden

a sudden bolting into the Room, he began to tell them, that he believ'd he had brought *Lewis* to reasonable Terms, if they would please to hear them.

THEN they all bawl'd out aloud, *No Composition, Long live Esquire South and the Law!* As *John* was going to proceed, some roar'd, some stamp'd with their Feet, others stopt their Ears with their Fingers.

NAY, Gentlemen, (quoth *John*) if you will but stop Proceeding for a while, you shall judge yourselves whether * *Lewis's* Proposals are reasonable.

ALL. VERY fine indeed, stop Proceeding, and so lose a Term.

J. Bull. NOT so neither, we have something by way of Advance, he will put us in Possession of his Manor and Castle of *Ecclesdown*.

Nic. Frog. WHAT dost talk of *Us*, thou mean'st Thyself.

J. Bull. WHEN *Frog* took Possession of any thing, it was always said to be for *Us*, and why may not *John Bull* be *Us*, as well as *Nic. Frog* was *Us*? I hope *John Bull* is no more confin'd to Singularity than *Nic. Frog*; or, take it so, the

* Proposals for Cessation of Arms, and Delivery of *Dunkirk*.

constant

constant Doctrine that thou hast preach'd up for many Years, was that Thou and I are One; and why must we be suppos'd Two in this Case, that were always One before: It's impossible that Thou and I can fall out, *Nic.* we must trust one another; I have trusted thee with a great many Things, prithee trust me with this one Trifle.

Nic. Frog. THAT Principle is true in the main, but there is some *Speciality* in this Case, that makes it highly inconvenient for *us both*.

J. Bull. THOSE are your Jealousies, that the common Enemies sow between us; how often hast thou warn'd me of those Rogues, *Nic.* that would make us mistrustful of one another?

Nic. Frog. THIS *Essexdown Castle* is only a Bone of Contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it so, for my Part I am as peaceable as a Lamb.

Nic. Frog. BUT do you consider the Unwholesomeness of the Air and Soil, the Expences of Reparations and Servants? I would scorn to accept of such a Quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great Man, *Nic.* but in my Circumstances, I must be e'en content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. AND you are really so silly, as to believe the old cheating Rogue will give it you?

J. Bull.

J. Bull. I believe nothing but Matter of Fact; I stand and fall by that, I am resolv'd to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. AND so relinquish the hopefullest Cause in the World, a Claim that will certainly in the End make thy Fortune for ever.

J. Bull. WILT thou purchase it, *Nic*? thou shalt have a lumping Pennyworth; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my Hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou would'st but moderate that hasty, impatient Temper of thine, thou should'st quickly see a better thing than all that. What should'st thou think to find old *Lewis* turn'd out of his paternal Estates, and Mansion-house of * *Clay-Pool*? Would not that do thy Heart good, to see thy old Friend *Nic. Frog* Lord of *Clay-Pool*? Then thou and thy Wife and Children should walk in my Gardens, buy Toys, drink Lemonade, and and now and then we should have a Country Dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve see my self in *Ecclesdown-Castle*, as thee in *Clay-Pool*. I tell you again, *Lewis* gives this as a Pledge of his Sincerity; if you won't stop Proceeding to hear him, I will.

* *Clay-Pool*, P. ———, *Lutetia*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXI.

* *The rest of Nic's Fetches to keep John out of Ecclestown-Castle.*

WHEN *Nic.* could not dissuade *John* by Argument, he try'd to move his Pity; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his Wife and Children in a starving Condition, if *John* did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the Room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome Business as this Law-Suit, and therefore begged that his good Friend would not leave him. When he saw that *John* was still inexorable, he pulled out a Case-Knife, with which he used to snicker-snee, and threatened to cut his own Throat. Thrice he aimed the Knife to his Wind-pipe with a most determin'd threatening Air. "What signifies Life (quoth he) in this languishing Condition? It will be some Pleasure that my Friends will revenge my Death upon this barbarous Man, that has been the Cause of it." All this while *John* looked sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the Knife nor stop his Blow, trusting to the Tenderness *Nic.* had for his

* Attempts to hinder the Cessation, and taking Possession of *Dunkirk*.

own

own Person: When he perceiv'd that *John* was immoveable in his Purpose, he apply'd himself to *Lewis*.

"ART thou (quoth he) turned Bubble in thy
"old Age, from being a Sharper in thy Youth?
"What Occasion hast thou to give up *Ecclesdown-
"Castle* to *John Bull*? His Friendship is not
"worth a Rush; give it me, and I'll make it
"worth thy while. If thou dislikest that Proposi-
"tion, keep it thyself, I'd rather thou shouldst
"have it than he. If thou hearkenest not to my
"Advice, take what follows; Esquire *South* and
"I will go on with our Law-suit in spite of
"*John Bull's* Teeth.

L. Baboon. MONSIEUR *Bull* has used me like
a Gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my
Promise, and trust him for the Consequences.

Nic. Frog. THEN I tell thee thou art an old
doating Fool—With that, *Nic.* bounce'd up with
a Spring equal to that of one of your nimblest
Tumblers or Rope-dancers, and fell foul upon
John Bull, to snatch the * *Cudgel* he had in his
Hand, that he might thwack *Lewis* with it:
John held it fast, so that there was no wrenching
it from him. At last *Squire South* buckled too,
to assist his Friend *Nic.*: *John* halled on one side,
and they two on the other: Sometimes they were
like to pull *John* over; then it went all of a sud-

* The Army.

den

den again on *John's* side; so they went see-sawing up and down, from one End of the Room to the other. Down tumbled the Tables, Bottles, Glasses, and Tobacco-pipes: The Wine and the Tobacco were all spilt about the Room, and the little Fellows were almost trod under Foot, till more of the Tradesmen joining with *Nic.* and the 'Squire, *John* was hardly able to pull against them all, yet would he never quit hold of his trusty Cudgel; which by the contrary Force of two so great Powers * broke short in his Hands. *Nic.* seized the longer End, and with it began to Bastinado old *Lewis*, who had slunk into a Corner, waiting the Event of this Squabble. *Nic.* came up to him with an insolent menacing Air, so that the old Fellow was forced to skuttle out of the Room, and retire behind a Dung-cart. He call'd to *Nic.* "Thou insolent Jackanapes! Time was
 " when thou durst not have used me so, thou
 " now takest me unprovided, but, old and infirm
 " as I am, I shall find a Weapon by and by to
 " chastise thy Impudence.

WHEN *John Bull* had recovered his Breath, he began to parly with *Nic.* "Friend *Nic.* I am
 " glad to find thee so strong after thy great Com-
 " plaints: Really thy Motions, *Nic.* are pretty
 " vigorous for a consumptive Man. As for thy
 " worldly Affairs, *Nic.* if it can do thee any
 " Service, I freely make over to thee this *profi-*
 " table Law-Suit; and I desire all these Gentle-

* The Separation of the Army.

“ men to bear Witness to this my Act and Deed.
 “ Yours be all the Gain, as mine has been the
 “ Charges; I have brought it to bear finely:
 “ However, all I have laid out upon it goes for
 “ nothing, thou shalt have it with all its Appur-
 “ tenances, I ask nothing but Leave to go Home.

Nic. Frog. THE Counsel are feed, and all Things prepared for a Trial, thou shalt be forced to stand the Issue: It shall be pleaded in thy Name as well as mine: Go home if thou canst, the Gates are shut, * the Turnpikes locked, and the Roads barricado'd.

J. Bull. EVEN these very Ways, *Nic.* that thou toldest me, were as open to me as thyself? If I can't pass with my own Equipage, What can I expect for my Goods and Waggon? I am deny'd Passage through those very Grounds that I have purchased with my own Money; however, I am glad I have made the Experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

JOHN BULL was so overjoyed that he was going to take Possession of *Ecclesdown*, that nothing could vex him. *Nic.* (quoth he) *I am just a going to leave thee, cast a kind Look upon me at parting.*

NIC. looked fowre and grum, and would not open his Mouth.

* Difficulty of the March of Part of the Army to *Dunkirk*.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. *I wish thee all the Success that thy Heart can desire, and that these honest Gentlemen of the Long Robe may have their Belly full of Law.*

NIC. could stand it no longer, but, flung out of the Room with Disdain, and beckon'd the Lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. *Buy, buy Nic. not one poor Smile at parting; won't you shake your day-day, Nic. Buy Nic. With that John march'd out of the common Road cross the Country, to take Possession of Ecclesdown.*

C H A P. XXII.

*Of the great Joy that John express'd when he got Possession of * Ecclesdown.*

WHEN John had got into his Castle, he seem'd like Ulysses upon his Plank after he had been well fous'd in Salt-Water; who (as Homer says) was as glad as a Judge going to sit down to Dinner, after hearing a long Cause upon the Bench: I dare say John Bull's Joy was equal

* Dunkirk.

to that of either of the Two; he skipp'd from Room to Room; ran up Stairs and down Stairs, from the Kirchen to the Garrets, and from the Garrets to the Kitchen; he peep'd into every Cranny; sometimes he admir'd the Beauty of the Architecture, and the vast Solidity of the Mason's Work; at other Times he commended the Symmetry and Proportion of the Rooms. He walk'd about the Gardens; he bathed himself in the Canal, swimming, diving and beating the liquid Element, like a milk-white Swan. The Hall resounded with the sprightly Violin, and the martial Hautboy. The Family tript it about and caper'd, like *Hailstones bounding from a Marble Floor*. Wine, Ale and *October* flew about as plentifully as Kennel-Water: Then a Frolick took *John* in the Head to call up some of *Nic. Frog's Pensioners* that had been so mutinous in his Family.

J. Bull. ARE you glad to see your Master in *Ecclesdown-Castle*.

All. YES, indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. EXTREMELY glad?

All. EXTREMELY glad, Sir.

J. Bull. SWEAR to me that you are so.

THEN they began to damn and sink their Souls to the lowest Pit of Hell, if any Person in the World rejoyc'd more than they did.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Now hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjur'd Rascals; however take this Bumper of *October* to your Master's Health.

THEN *John* got upon the Battlements, and looking over, he call'd to *Nic. Frog*:

“ How d'ye do, *Nic*? D'ye see where I am,
 “ *Nic*? I hope the *Cause* goes on swimmingly,
 “ *Nic*. When dost thou intend to go to *Clay-*
 “ *Pool*, *Nic*? Wilt thou buy there some High
 “ Heads of the newest Cut for my Daughters?
 “ How comest thou to go with thy Arm ty'd
 “ up? Has old *Lewis* given thee a Rap over the
 “ Fingers-Ends? Thy Weapon was a good one
 “ when I wielded it, but the Butt-end remains
 “ in my Hands. I am so busy in packing up my
 “ Goods, that I have no time to talk with thee
 “ any longer. It would do thy Heart good to see
 “ what Waggon Loads I am preparing for Mar-
 “ ket. If thou wantest any good Office of mine
 “ for all that has happen'd, I will use thee well,
 “ *Nic*. Buy *Nic*.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT has been disputed amongst the *Literati* of *Grubstreet*, whe her *Sir Humphry* proceeded any farther into the History of *John Bull*. By diligent Enquiry we have found the Titles of some Chapters, which appear to be a Continuation of it; and are as follow.

Chap. I. *How John was made Angry with the Articles of Agreement. How he kick'd the Parchment through the House, up Stairs and down Stairs, and put himself in a great Heat thereby.*

Chap. II. *How in his Passion he was going to cut off Sir Roger's Head with a Cleaver. Of the strange Manner of Sir Roger's escaping the Blow, by laying his Head upon the Dresser.*

Chap. III. *How some of John's Servants attempted to scale his House with Rope-Ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.*

Chap. IV. *Of the Methods by which John endeavour'd to preserve the Peace amongst his Neighbours: How he kept a Pair of Stilliards to weigh them; and by Diet, Purging, Vomiting and Bleeding, try'd to bring them to equal Bulk and Strength.*

Chap. V. *Of false Accounts of the Weights given in by some of the Journeymen; and of the New-*

market

market Tricks, that were practis'd at the Still-yards.

Chap. VI. How John's new Journeymen brought him other-guests Accounts of the Still-yards.

Chap. VII. How Sir * Swain Northy was by Bleeding, Purging, and a Steel-Diet, brought into a Consumption; and how John was forced afterwards to give him the Gold Cordial.

Chap. VIII. How † Peter Bear was over-fed, and afterwards refused to submit to the Course of Physick.

Chap. IX. How John pamper'd Esquire South with Tit-bits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with Calabrian Wine, and long'd for Sicilian Beef, and how John carried him thither in his Barge.

Chap. X. How the Esq; from a Foul-feeder, grew dainty: How he long'd for Mango's, Spices, and Indian Birds-Nests, &c. and could not sleep but in a Chints Bed.

Chap. XI. The Esq; turn'd Tradesman; how he set up a || China-Shop over-against Nic. Frog.

Chap. XII. How he procur'd Spanish Flies to blister his Neighbours, and as a Provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravish'd Nic. Frog's favourite Daughter.

Chap. XIII. How Nic. Frog hearing the Girl squeak, went to call John Bull as a Constable: Calling of a Constable no Preventive of a Rape.

Chap. XIV. How John rose out of his Bed in a cold

* K. of Sw ——— en.

† Cz. of M ——— y.

|| The O ——— nd Company.

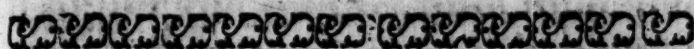
Morning to prevent a Duel between Esq; South and Lord Scrutt; how, to his great Surprise, he found the Combatants drinking Geneva in a Brandy-Shop, with Nic's favourite Daughter between them. How they both fell upon John so that he was forced to fight his Way out.

Chap. XV. *How John came with his Constable's Staff to rescue Nic's Daughter, and break the Esquire's China Ware.*

Chap. XVI. *Commentary upon the Spanish Proverb, Time and I against any Two; or Advice to dogmatical Politicians, exemplified in some new Affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.*

Chap. XVII. *A Discourse of the delightful Game of Quadrille. How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a Game Solo in Clubs, and was beasted: How John call'd Lewis for his King, and was afraid that his own Partner should have too many Tricks: And how the Success and Skill of Quadrille depends upon calling a right King.*





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A KEY

A
KEY *to the* LOCK:
OR, A
TREATISE

Proving, beyond all Contradiction,
The Dangerous Tendency of a late
POEM, entitled

The RAPE of the LOCK,

TO
GOVERNMENT and RELIGION.

By ESDRAS BARNIVELT, *Apoth.*

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MDCCLXIII.

(181)



THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO
Mr. P O P E.



HOUGH it may seem foreign to my Profession, which is that of making up and dispensing salutary Medicines to his Majesty's Subjects, yet cannot I think it unbecoming me to furnish an Antidote against the Poison which hath been so artfully distill'd through your Quill, and conveyed to the World through the pleasing Vehicles of your Numbers. Nor is my Profession as an Apothecary; so abhorrent from yours as a Poet, since the Ancients have thought fit to make the same God the Patron of both: I have, not without some Pleasure, observ'd the mystical Arms of our Company, wherein is represented Apollo, killing the fell Monster Python;

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thon: Which in some measure admonishes me of n. Duty, to trample upon and destroy, as much as in n. lies, that Dragon, or baneful Serpent, Popery.

I must take leave to make you my Patient, whether you will or no; though out of the Respect I have for you, I should rather chuse to apply Lenitive than Corrosive Medicines; happy, if they may prove an Emetic sufficient to make you cast up those Errors, which you have imbibed in your Education, and which, I hope, I shall never live to see this Nation digest.

SIR, I cannot but lament, that a Gentleman of your volatile Wit, rectified Understanding, and sublimated Imagination, should misapply those Talents to raise ill Humours in the Constitution of the Body Politick of which your self are a Member, and upon the Health whereof your own Preservation depends. Give me leave to say, such Principles as yours would again reduce us to the fatal Necessity of the Phlebotomy of War, or the Causticks of Persecution.

IN order to inform you of this, I have sought your Acquaintance and Conversation with the utmost Diligence; for I hoped in Person to persuade you to a publick Confession of your Fault, and a Recantation of these dangerous Tenets. But finding all my Endeavours ineffectual, and being satisfied with the Conscience of having done all that became a Man of an honest Heart and honourable Intention, I could no longer omit my Duty in opening the

EPISTLE DEDICATORY. 183

the Eyes of the World by the Publication of this Discourse.

SIR, to address my self to so florid a Writer as you, without collecting all the Flowers of Rhetorick, would be an unpardonable Indecorum; but when I speak to the World, as I do in the following Treatise, I must use a simple Style, since it would be absurd to prescribe an universal Medicine, or Catholicon, in a Language not universally understood.

As I have always professed to have a particular Esteem for Men of Learning, and more especially for your self, nothing but the Love of Truth should have engaged me in a Design of this Nature. Amicus Plato, Amicus Socrates, sed magis Amicus Veritas. I am,

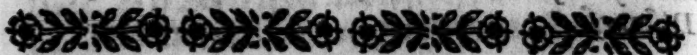
Your most sincere Friend,

and humble Servant,

E. BARNIVELT.

A KEY

the First of the World by the Publication of this



SIR, to address my self to you, I must first of all collect the Flowers of Rhetoric, and then to add the Honey of Flattery, and lastly to sprinkle the whole with the Dust of Flattery.

KEY to the LOCK.



SINCE this unhappy Division of our Nation into Parties, it is not to be imagined how many Artifices have been made use of by Writers, to obscure the Truth, and cover Designs which may be detrimental to the Publick. In particular, it has been their Custom of late to vent their Political Spleen in *Allegory* and *Fable*. If an honest believing Nation is to be made a Jest of, we have a Story of *John Bull* and his Wife; if a Treasurer is to be glanced at, an *Ant* with a *white Straw* is introduced; if a Treaty of Commerce is to be ridiculed, 'tis immediately metamorphosed into a Tale of Count *Tariff*.

BUT if any of these Malevolents have never so small a Talent in Rhime, they principally delight to convey their Malice in that pleasing Way; as it were, gilding the Pill, and concealing the Poison under the Sweetness of Numbers.

IT is the Duty of every well-designing Subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill Consequences of such pernicious Treatises; and I hold it mine to

to warn the Publick of the late Poem, intitl'd, *The RAPE of the LOCK*; which I shall demonstrate to be of this Nature.

IT is a common and just Observation, that when the Meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true Intent of it, than by considering *who* is the Author, *what* is his Character in general; and his *Disposition* in particular.

Now that the Author of this Poem is a reputed *Papist*, is well known; and that a Genius so capable of doing Service to that Cause, may have been corrupted in the Course of his Education, by *Jesuits*, or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming *Coolness* and *Moderation*, which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with, by those of his own Persuasion. They are sensible that this Nation is secured by good and wholesome Laws, to prevent all evil Practices of the Church of *Rome*; particularly the Publication of Books, that may in any sort propagate that Doctrine: Their Authors are therefore oblig'd to couch their Designs the deeper; and tho' I cannot aver that the Intention of this Gentleman was directly to spread Popish Doctrines, yet it comes to the same Point if he touch the Government: For the Court of *Rome* knows very well, that the Church at this time is so firmly founded on the State, that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

WHAT

WHAT confirms me in this Opinion, is an accidental Discovery I made of a very artful Piece of Management among his Popish Friends and Abettors, to hide his whole Design upon the Government, by taking all the Characters upon themselves.

UPON the Day that this Poem was publish'd; it was my Fortune to step into the *Cocoa-Tree*, where a certain Gentleman was railing very liberally at the Author, with a Passion extremely well counterfeited, for having (as he said) reflected upon him in the Character of *Sir Plume*. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me, a *Roman Catholick Knight*.

I was the same Evening at *Will's*, and saw a Circle round another Gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and shewing his Snuff-box and Cane, to prove he was satirized in the same Character. I asked this Gentleman's Name, and was told he was a *Roman Catholick Lord*.

A Day or two after I was sent for, upon a slight Indisposition, to the young Lady's to whom the Poem is dedicated. She also took up the Character of *Belinda* with much Frankness and good Humour, though the Author has given us a Key in his * Dedication, that he meant some

* The Character of *Belinda* (as it is here manag'd) resembles you in nothing but in Beauty. Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

thing

thing further. This Lady is also a *Roman Catholic*. At the same time others of the Characters were claim'd by some Persons in the Room; and all of them *Roman Catholics*.

BUT to proceed to the Work it self.

IN all Things which are intricate, as *Allegories* in their own Nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the Clue at first Sight; but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our Author through all the Labyrinths, Doublings and Turnings of his intricate Composition.

FIRST then, let it be observ'd that in the most demonstrative Sciences, some *Postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

THE only *Postulatum* or Concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

THE BARRIER TREATY.

I. FIRST, then, I shall discover, that BELINDA represents GREAT BRITAIN, or (which is the same Thing) her late MAJESTY. This is plainly seen in his Description of her:

On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she bore.

Alluding

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Alluding

Alluding to the antient Name of *Albion*, from her *white Cliffs*, and to the *Cross*, which is the Ensign of *England*.

II. THE BARON, who cuts off the *Lock*, or *Barrier Treaty* is the *E. of Ox—d*.

III. CLARISSA, who lent the Scissars, my Lady *M—m*.

IV. THALESTRIS, who provokes *Belinda* to resent the Loss of the *Lock* or *Treaty*, the Dutches of *M—gh*.

V. SIR PLUME, who is mov'd by *Thalestris* to re-demand it of *Great Britain*, Prince *Eu—ne*, who came hither for that Purpose.

THERE are other inferior Characters, which we shall observe upon afterwards; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

THE first Part of the *Baron's* Character is his being *adventurous*, or enterprizing, which is the common Epithet given the *E. of Ox—d* by his Enemies. The Prize he aspires to is the *Treasury*, in order to which he offers a *Sacrifice*.

an Altar built of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.

Our Author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this Statesman's *Love to France*; representing the Books he chiefly studies to be vast

French

French Romances. These are the vast Prospects from the Friendship and Alliance of *France*, which he satyrically calls *Romances*; hinting thereby, that these Promises and Protestations were no more to be rely'd on than those idle Legends. Of these he is said to build an Altar; to intimate, that all the Foundation of his Schemes and Honours was fix'd upon the *French Romances* above-mentioned.

A Fan, a Garter, Half a Pair of Gloves.

One of the Things he sacrifices is a *Fan*, which both for its gaudy Show and perpetual Flutt'ring has been made the Emblem of *Woman*. This points at the Change of the *Ladies* of the *Bed-chamber*: The *Garter* alludes to the Honours he conferr'd on some of his Friends, and we may, without straining the Sense, call the half Pair of *Gloves* a *Gauntlet*, the Token of those military Employments, which he is said to have sacrific'd to his Designs. The Prize, as I said before, means the Treasury, which he makes his Prayer soon to obtain, and long to possess.

*The Pow'rs gave Ear, and granted half his Prayer,
The rest the Winds dispers'd in empty Air.*

In the first of these Lines he gives him the Treasury, and in the last suggests, that he should not long possess that Honour.

THAT *Thalestris* is the Dutchess of *M—gh*, appears both by her Nearness to *Belinda*, and by this

this Author's malevolent Suggestion, that she is a Lover of War.

To Arms, to Arms, the bold Thalestris cries.

But more particularly in several Passages in her Speech to *Belinda*, upon the Cutting off the Lock, or Treaty. Among other Things she says, *Was it for this you bound your Locks in Paper Durance?* Was it for this so much Paper has been spent to secure the *Barrier Treaty?*

*Metbinks, already I your Tears survey;
Already hear the horrid Things they say;
Already see you a degraded Toast.*

THIS describes the Aspersions under which that good Princess suffer'd, and the Repentance which must have follow'd the Dissolution of that Treaty; and particularly levels at the Refusal some People made to drink her Majesty's Health.

Sir Plume (a proper Name for a Soldier) has all the Circumstances that agree with Prince *Eu-ne*:

*Sir Plume, of Amber Snuff-box justly vain,
And the Nite Conduct of a clouded Cane,
With earnest Eyes —*

'Tis remarkable, this General is a great Taker of Snuff, as well as Towns; his Conduct of the clouded Cane, gives him the Honour which is so justly his Due, of an exact Conduct in Battel, which

which is figur'd by his Cane or Truncheon, the Ensign of a General. His earnest Eye, or the Vivacity of his Look, is so particularly remarkable to him, that this Character could be mistaken for no other, had not the Author purposely obscur'd it by the fictitious Circumstance of a *round unthinking Face*.

HAVING now explain'd the chief Characters of his *human Persons*, (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the Sequel of this Discourse) I shall next take in pieces his *Machinery*, wherein the Satire is wholly confin'd to Ministers of State.

THE *Sylphs* and *Gnomes* at first Sight appear'd to me to signify the two contending Parties of this Nation; for these being placed in the *Air*, and those on the *Earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common Denomination, *High* and *Low*. But as they are made to be the first Movers and Influencers of all that happens, 'tis plain they represent promiscuously the *Heads of Parties*, whom he makes to be the Authors of all those Changes in the State, which are generally imputed to the Levity and Instability of the *British* Nation.

*This erring Mortals Levity may call:
Oh blind to Truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.*

But of this he has given us a plain Demonstration; for speaking of these Spirits, he says in express Terms,

—The

—The Chief the Care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.

And here let it not seem odd, if in this mysterious Way of Writing, we find the same Person, who has before been represented by the *Baron*, again describ'd in the Character of *Ariel*; it being a common Way with Authors, in this fabulous Manner, to take such a Liberty. As for Instance, I have read in *St. Evremond*, that all the different Characters in *Petronius*, are but *Nero* in so many different Appearances. And in the Key to the curious Romance of *Barclay's Argenis*, that both *Poliarchus* and *Archombrotus* mean only the King of *Navarre*.

WE observe in the very Beginning of the Poem, that *Ariel* is possess'd of the Ear of *Belinda*; therefore it is absolutely necessary that this Person must be the Minister who was nearest the Queen. But whogver would be further convinc'd that he meant the Treasurer, may know him by his Ensigns in the following Line:

He rais'd his Azure Wand.

His sitting on the Mast of a Vessel, shews his presiding over the *South-Sea Trade*. When *Ariel* assigns to his *Sylphs* all the Posts about *Belinda*, what is more clearly describ'd than the Treasurer's disposing all the Places of the Kingdom, and particularly about her Majesty? But let us hear the Lines.

—Te Spirits, to your Charge repair:
The flutt'ring Fan be Zephyretta's Care;
The Drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the Watch be thine:
Do thou, Crispisla, tend her fav'rite Lock.

He has here particularized the Ladies and Women of the Bedchamber, the Keeper of the Cabinet, and her Majesty's Dresser, and impudently given Nicknames to each.

To put this Matter beyond all Dispute, the Sylphs are said to be wond'rous fond of Place, in the Canto following, where Ariel is perched uppermost, and all the rest take their Places subordinately under him.

HERE again I cannot but observe the excessive Malignity of this Author, who could not leave this Character of Ariel without the same invidious Stroke which he gave him in the Character of the Baron before.

*Amaz'd, confus'd he saw his Pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.*

Being another Prophecy that he should resign his Place, which it is probable all Ministers do with a Sigh.

AT the Head of the Gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky melancholy Sprite, who makes it his Business to give Belinda the Spleen; a vile and
VOL. II. I malicious

malicious Suggestion against some *grave* and *worthy Minister*. The Vapours, Phantoms, Visions, and the like, are the Jealousies, Fears, and Cries of Danger, that have so often affrighted and alarm'd the Nation. Those who are describ'd in the House of *Spleen*, under those several fantastical Forms, are the same whom their Ill-willers have so often called the *Whimsical*.

THE two foregoing Spirits being the only considerable Characters of the Machinery, I shall but just mention the *Sylph* that is wounded with the Scissars at the Loss of the Lock, by whom is undoubtedly understood my L--rd Tow--nd, who at that Time receiv'd a *Wound* in his Character for making the Barrier Treaty, and was *cut out* of his Employment upon the Dissolution of it: But that Spirit reunites, and receives no Harm; to signify, that it came to nothing, and his Lordship had no real Hurt by it.

BUT I must not conclude this Head of the Characters, without observing, that our Author has run thro' every Stage of Beings in Search of Topicks for Detraction; and as he has characterized some Persons under *Angels* and *Men*, so he has others under *Animals* and *Things inanimate*. He has even represented an eminent Clergyman as a *Dog*, and a noted Writer as a *Tool*. Let us examine the former.

—But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leapt up, and wak'd his Mistress with his Tongue.
Twas

'Twas then, Belinda, if Report say true,
Thy Eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux.

By this *Shock* it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. *Sa-chell*, who leapt up, that is, into the Pulpit, and awaken'd *Great Britain* with his *Tongue*, that is, with his *Sermon*, which made so much *Noise*; and for which he has frequently been term'd by others of his Enemies, as well as by this Author, a *Dog*. Or perhaps, by his *Tongue*, may be more literally meant his *Speech* at his *Trial*, since immediately thereupon our Author says, her Eyes open'd on a *Billet-doux*; *Billets-doux* being Addresses to Ladies from Lovers, may be aptly interpreted those Addresses of loving Subjects to her Majesty, which ensued that Trial.

THE other Instance is at the End of the Third *Canto*.

*Steel did the Labours of the Gods destroy,
And strike to Dust th' Imperial Towers of Troy.
Steel could the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.*

HERE he most impudently attributes the Demolition of *Dunkirk*, not to the Pleasure of her Majesty, or of her Ministry, but to the frequent Instigations of his Friend Mr. *Steel*. A very artful Pun to conceal his wicked Lampoonery!

HAVING now consider'd the general Intent and Scope of the Poem, and open'd the Characters, I shall next discover the Malice which is cover'd under the Epifodes, and particular Passages of it.

THE Game at *Ombre* is a mystical Representation of the late *War*, which is hinted by his making Spades the Trump; Spade in *Spanish* signifying a *Sword*, and being yet so painted in the Cards of that Nation, to which it is well known we owe the Original of our Cards. In this one Place indeed he has unawares paid a Compliment to the Queen, and her Success in the War; for *Belinda* gets the better of the *Two* that play against her, the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

I DO not question but ev'ry particular Card has its Person and Character assign'd, which, no doubt, the Author has told his Friends in private; but I shall only instance in the Description of the Disgrace under which the Duke of *M---gh* then suffer'd, which is so apparent in these Verses:

*Ev'n mighty Patn, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of Lu:
Sad Chance of War! now destitute of Aid,
Falls undistinguish'd—*

THAT the Author here had an Eye to our modern Transactions, is very plain from an unguarded Stroke towards the End of this Game.

And

*And now, as oft in some distemper'd State,
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral Fate.*

AFTER the Conclusion of the War, the publick Rejoicings and *Thanksgivings* are ridiculed in the two following Lines.

*The Nymph, exulting, fills with Shouts the Sky:
The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.*

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious Insinuation, in the manner of a Prophecy, (which we have formerly observ'd this seditious Writer delights in) that the Peace should continue but a short Time, and that the Day should afterwards be curs'd, which was then celebrated with so much Joy.

*Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curst for ever this victorious Day.*

As the Game at *Ombre* is a satyrical Representation of the late War; so is the *Tea-Table* that ensues, of the *Council-Table*, and its Consultations, after the Peace. By this he would hint, that all the Advantages we have gain'd by our late extended Commerce, are only Coffee and Tea, or Things of no greater Value. That he thought of the Trade in this Place, appears by the Passage where he represents the *Sylphs* particularly careful of the rich *Brocade*; it having been a frequent Complaint of our Mercers, that French

Brocades were imported in too great Quantities. I will not say he means those Presents of rich *Gold Stuff Suits* which were said to be made her Majesty by the King of *France*, tho' I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

HERE this Author, as well as the scandalous *John Dunton*, represents the Ministry in plain Terms taking frequent Cups :

And frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast.

UPON the whole it is manifest he meant something more than common Coffee, by his calling it

Coffee, that makes the Politician wise;

and by telling us, it was this Coffee, that

Sent up in Vapours to the Baron's Brain
New Stratagems——

I shall only further observe, that 'twas at this Table the Lock was cut off; for where but at the Council Board should the *Barrier Treaty* be resolv'd?

THE ensuing Contentions of the Parties upon the Loss of that Treaty, are describ'd in the Squabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he rashly expresses, without any Disguise, in the Terms,

All side in Parties——

Here

Here first you have a Gentleman who *sinks beside his Chair*: A plain Allusion to a noble Lord, who lost his Chair of President of the Council.

I come next to the *Bodkin*, so dreadful in the Hand of *Belinda*; by which he intimates the *British Sceptre*, so rever'd in the Hand of our late August Princess. His own Note upon this Place tells us, he alludes to a Scepter; and the Verses are so plain, they need no Remark.

*The same (his antient Personage to deck)
Her great great Grandfire wore about his Neck,
In three Seal-Rings, which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast Buckle for his Widow's Gown:
Her Infant Grandame's Whistle next it grew,
The Bells she gingled, and the Whistle blew;
Then in a Bodkin grac'd her Mother's Hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.*

An open Satire upon *Hereditary Right*! The three Seal-Rings plainly allude to the three Kingdoms.

THESE are the chief Passages in the Battel, by which, as hath before been said, he means the Squabble of Parties. Upon this Occasion he could not end the Description of them without testifying his malignant Joy at those Dissentions, from which he forms the Prospect that *both* should be disappointed, and cries out with Triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

*Behold how oft ambitious Aims are crost,
And Chiefs contend till all the Prize is lost.*

THE Lock at length is turn'd into a *Star*, or the old Barrier Treaty into a new and glorious *Peace*; this no doubt is what the Author, at the Time he printed this Poem, would have been thought to mean, in Hopes, by that Compliment, to escape Punishment for the rest of this Piece. It puts me in mind of a Fellow who concluded a bitter Lampoon upon the Prince and Court of his Days, with these Lines:

*God save the King, the Commons, and the Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.*

WHATEVER this Author may think of that *Peace*, I imagine it the most *extraordinary Star* that ever appear'd in our Hemisphere. A *Star* that is to bring us all the Wealth and Gold of the *Indies*; and from whose Influence, not Mr. *John Partridge* alone, (whose worthy Labours this Writer so ungenerously ridicules) but all true *Britons*, may, with no less Authority than he, prognosticate the *Fall of Lewis*, in the Restraint of the exorbitant Power of *France*; and the *Fate of Rome*, in the triumphant Condition of the Church of *England*.

WE have now consider'd this Poem in its political View, wherein we have shewn, that it hath two different Walks of Satire, the one in the Story itself, which is a Ridicule on the *late Transactions in general*; the other in the Machinery, which is a Satire on the *Ministers of State in particular*. I shall

shall now shew that the same Poem taken in another Light, has a Tendency to Popery, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has convey'd to us the Doctrine of *Guardian Angels* and *Patron Saints* in the Machinery of his *Sylphs*, which being a Piece of Popish Superstition, that has been exploded ever since the Reformation, he would revive under this Disguise. Here are all the Particulars which they believe of those Beings, which I shall sum up in a few Heads :

1st, THE Spirits are made to concern themselves with all human Actions in general.

2^{dly}, A distinct Guardian Spirit or Patron is assign'd to each Person in particular.

*Of these am I, whom thy Protection claim,
A watchful Spirit—*

3^{dly}, THEY are made directly to inspire Dreams, Visions and Revelations.

*Her Guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy Rest,
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent Bed
The Morning Dream—*

4^{thly}, THEY are made to be subordinate, in different Degrees, some presiding over others. So *Ariel* hath his several Under-Officers at Command.

Superior by the Head was Ariel plac'd.

5thly, THEY are employ'd in various Offices, and each hath his Office assign'd him.

*Some in the Fields of purest Æther play,
And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.
Some Guide the Course, &c.*

6thly, HE hath given his Spirits the Charge of the several Parts of Dress; intimating thereby, that the Saints preside over the several Parts of human Bodies. They have one Saint to cure the Tooth-ach, another cures the Gripes, another the Gout, and so of the rest.

*The fluttering Fan be Zephyretta's Care,
The Drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.*

7thly, THEY are represented to know the Thoughts of Men.

*As on the Nofegay in her Breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her Mind.*

8thly, THEY are made Protectors even to Animal and Irrational Beings.

Ariel himself shall be the Guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over Hogs, &c.

9thly,

9thly, OTHERS are made Patrons of whole Kingdoms and Provinces.

Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own:

So St. George is imagin'd by the *Papists* to defend *England*; St. Patrick, *Ireland*; St. James, *Spain*, &c. Now what is the Consequence of all this? By granting that they have this Power, we must be brought back again to pray to them.

THE *Toilette* is an artful Recommendation of the *Mass*, and pompous Ceremonies of the *Church of Rome*. The unveiling of the *Altar*, the *Silver Vases* upon it, being robed in *white*, as the Priests are upon the chief Festivals, and the *Head uncover'd*, are manifest Marks of this.

*A heavenly Image in the Glass appears;
To that she bends——*

plainly denotes *Image Worship*:

THE *Goddess*, who is deck'd with *Treasures*, *Jewels*, and the various Offerings of the *World*, manifestly alludes to the *Lady of Loretto*. You have *Perfumes* breathing from the *Incense Pot* in the following Line:

And all Arabia breathes from yonder Box.

THE Character of *Belinda*, as we take it in this third View, represents the *Popish Religion*,

OR

or the Whore of *Babylon*; who is describ'd in the State this malevolent Author wishes for, coming forth in all her Glory upon the *Thames*, and overspreading the whole Nation with Ceremonies.

*Not with more Glories in th' æthereal Plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purple Main,
Than issuing forth, the Rival of his Beams,
Launch'd on the Bosom of the Silver Thames.*

SHE is dress'd with a *Cross* on her Breast, the Ensign of Popery, the *Adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following Lines:

*On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore.*

NEXT he represents her as the *Universal Church*, according to the Boasts of the Papists:

And like the Sun, she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

*If to her Share some Female Errors fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forget them all.*

Tho' it should be granted some Errors fall to her Share, look on the pompous Figure she makes throughout the World, and they are not worth regarding. In the Sacrifice following, you have these two Lines:

For

For this e're Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd.
In the first of them, he plainly hints at their ri-
sing to *Mattins*; in the second, by adoring ev'ry
Power, the *Invocation of Saints*.

BELINDA's Visits are describ'd with nu-
merous *Wax-lights*, which are always used in the
Ceremonial Parts of the *Romish* Worship.

—Visits shall be paid on solemn Days,
When num'rous *Wax-lights* in bright Order blaze.

THE *Lunar Sphere* he mentions, opens to us their
Purgatory, which is seen in the following Line:

Since all Things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.

It is a *Popish* Doctrine, that scarce any Person
quits this World, but he must touch at *Purgatory*
in his Way to Heaven; and it is here also repre-
sented as the *Treasury* of the *Romish Church*. Nor
is it much to be wonder'd at, that the *Moon* should
be *Purgatory*, when a learned Divine hath in a
late Treatise prov'd *Hell* to be in the *Sun*. *

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the
Reader to compare this Key with those upon any
other Pieces, which are suppos'd to have been
secret Satires upon the State, either ancient or

* The Reverend Dr. Swinck.

modern;

modern; in particular with the Keys to *Petrinus Arbiter*, *Lucian's* true History, *Barclay's Argenis*, or *Rabelais's Gargantua*. I doubt not he will do me the Justice to acknowledge, that the Explanations here laid down, are deduc'd as *naturally*, and with as little Force, both from the general *Scope* and *Bent* of the Work, and from the several *Particulars*; and are every way as *consistent* and *undeniable*, every way as *candid* as any modern Interpretations of either Party, on the Conduct and Writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able *State Decyphers* themselves, if, according to their Art, any thing can be more fully prov'd, or more safely sworn to?

To sum up my whole Charge against this Author in a few Words: He has ridicul'd both the present Ministry and the last; abus'd great Statesmen and great Generals; nay, the Treaties of whole Nations have not escap'd him, nor has the Royal Dignity itself been omitted in the Progress of his Satire; and all this he has done just at the Meeting of a new Parliament. I hope a proper Authority may be made use of to bring him to condign Punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the Persons most concern'd would but order Mr. *Bernard Lintot*, the Printer and Publisher of this dangerous Piece, to be taken into Custody and examin'd, many farther Discoveries might be made both of this Poet's and his Abettors secret Designs, which are doubtless of the utmost Importance to the Government.

author

A Fa-



A
Famous Prediction

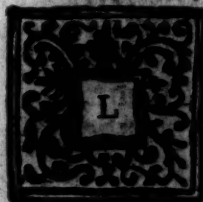
O F
M E R L I N,

The *British* W I Z A R D.

Written above a Thousand Years ago,
and relating to the Year 1709.

With Explanatory N O T E S.

By T. N. Philomath.



LAST Year was publish'd a Paper of Predictions, pretended to be written by one *Isaac Bickerstaff*, Esq; but the true Design of it was to ridicule the Art of Astrology, and expose its Professors as Ignorant or Impostors. Against this Imputation, Dr. *Partridge* hath vindicated himself in his Almanack for that Year. F O R

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FOR a farther Vindication of this famous Art, I have thought fit to present the World with the following Prophecy. The Original is said to be of the famous *Merlin*, who lived about a thousand Years ago; and the following Translation is Two hundred Years old, for it seems to be written near the End of *Henry* the Seventh's Reign. I found it in an old Edition of *Merlin's* Prophecies, imprinted at *London* by *John Haukyns* in the Year 1530. Page 39. I set it down Word for Word in the old Orthography, and shall take leave to subjoin a few explanatory Notes.

Seven and Ten addyd to Nine,
Of Fraunce her Woe thys is the Sygne,
Camys Ryvere thys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetynge Shoes ne Bozen.
Then comyth forth, Ich understonde,
From Town of Stoffe to farryn Bonde,
An herdie Chyftan, woe the Bozne
To Fraunce, that evere he was borne.
Chan shall the Fythe beweyle his Bosse;
For shall gyn Berrys make up the Losse.
Ponge Spynnele shall again miscarrye:
And Norway's Wyd again shall mazzey.
And from the Tree where Blossoms teete,
Ripe Fruit shall come, and all is wele.
Reynns shall daunce Bonde in Bonde,
And it shall be merrys in old Englonde.
Then old Englonde shall be no more,
And no Man shall be loze therefore.
Geryon shall have three Bedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge makyth them but twayne.
Explanatory

Explanatory Notes.

Seven and Ten. This Line describes the Year when these Events shall happen. Seven and Ten makes Seventeen, which I explain Seventeen Hundred, and this Number added to Nine, makes the Year we are now in; for it must be understood of the natural Year, which begins the first of *January*.

Thames Rivere thys, &c. The River *Thames* frozen twice in one Year, so as Men to walk on it, is a very signal Accident, which perhaps hath not fallen out for several hundred Years before; and is the Reason why some Astrologers have thought that this Prophecy could never be fulfilled, because they imagin'd such a Thing would never happen in our Climate.

From Town of Stoffe, &c. This is a plain Designation of the Duke of *Marlborough*. The Kind of Stuff used to fatten Land is called *Marle*; and every body knows that *Borough* is a Name for a Town; and this Way of Expression is after the usual dark Manner of old Astrological Predictions.

Than shall the Fybe, &c. By the *Fish*, is understood the *Dauphin* of *France*, as their Kings eldest Sons are called: 'Tis here said, he shall lament the Loss of the Duke of *Burgundy*, called the

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the *Bosse*, which is an old *English* Word for *Hump Shoulder*, or *Crook-Back*, as that Duke is known to be; and the Prophecy seems to mean, that he should be overcome or slain. By the *Green Berrys*, in the next Line, is meant the young Duke of *Berry*, the *Dauphin's* Third Son, who shall not have Valour or Fortune enough to supply the Loss of his eldest Brother.

Ponge Symnele, &c. By *Symnele* is meant the pretended Prince of *Wales*, who, if he offers to attempt any thing against *England*, shall miscarry as he did before. *Lambert Symnele* is the Name of a young Man, noted in our Histories for personating the Son (as I remember) of *Edward the Fourth*.

And Norway's Pryd, &c. I cannot guess who is meant by *Norway's Pride*, perhaps the Reader may, as well as the Sense of the two following Lines.

Realms shall, &c. *Reaums*, or, as the Word is now, *Realms*, is the old Name for *Kingdoms*: And this is a very plain Prediction of our happy *Union*, with the Felicities that shall attend it. It is added, that *Old England* shall be no more, and yet no Man shall be sorry for it. And indeed, properly speaking, *England* is now no more, for the whole Island is one Kingdom, under the Name of *Britain*.

Gerpon

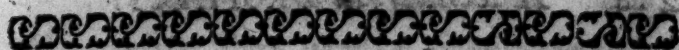
Geryon shall, &c. This Prediction, tho' somewhat obscure, is wonderfully adapt. *Geryon* is said to have been a King of *Spain*, whom *Hercules* slew. It was a Fiction of the Poets, that he had Three Heads, which the Author says he shall have again: That is, *Spain* shall have Three Kings; which is now wonderfully verif'd; for besides the King of *Portugal*, which properly is Part of *Spain*, there are now Two Rivals for *Spain*, *Charles* and *Philip*: But *Charles* being descended from the Count of *Hapsburgh*, Founder of the *Austrian* Family, shall soon make those Heads but Two; by overturning *Philip* and driving him out of *Spain*.

SOME of these Predictions are already fulfilled; and it is highly probable the rest may be in due time; and, I think, I have not forc'd the Words, by my Explication, into any other Sense than what they will naturally bear. If this be granted, I am sure it must be also allow'd, that the Author (whoever he were) was a Person of extraordinary Sagacity; and that Astrology brought to such Perfection as this, is by no means an Art to be despised, whatever Mr. *Bickerstaff*, or other merry Gentlemen, are pleased to think. As to the Tradition of these Lines having been writ in the Original by *Merlin*, I confess I lay not much Weight upon it: But it is enough to justify their Authority, that the Book from whence I have transcrib'd them, was printed 170 Years ago.

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ago, as appears by the Title-Page. For the Satisfaction of any Gentleman, who may be either doubtful of the Truth, or curious to be inform'd; I shall give Order to have the very Book sent to the Printer of this Paper, with Directions to let any body see it that pleases, because I believe it is pretty scarce.





A Wonderful

PROPHECY

Taken from the Mouth of the Spirit of a Person
who was barbarously slain by the

MOHOCKS.

Proving also,

That the said MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are the GOG and MAGOG mention'd in the *Revelations*.

And therefore that this vain and transitory World will shortly be brought to its final Dissolution.

Breath'd forth in the Year 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WOE to London! Woe to Westminster!
Woe to Southwark! and Woe to the
Inhabitants thereof!

I AM loth to say, Woe to the old and new Churches, those that are built, and those that are not built!

BUT

BUT Woe to the Gates, the Streets, and the Houses! Woe to the Men, the Women, and the Children! for the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are already come, the Time draweth near, and the End approacheth!

NOT to mention the near Resemblance betwixt the Names of MOHOCK and GOG, HAWCUBITE and MAGOG (though I think there is a great deal even in that) I shall go on to proceed in my more solid Arguments, proving to you not only the Things that are, but also the Things that are not.

THE Things that are, are the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES; the Things that are not, are GOG and MAGOG; and yet both the Things that are, and the Things that are not, are one and the same Thing.

How this Matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

FOR when the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES came, Satan came also among them; and where Satan is, there are GOG and MAGOG also.

THEY have the Mark of the Beast in their Foreheads, and the Beast himself is in their Hearts, their Teeth are sharp like the Teeth of Lions, their Tails are fiery like the Tails of Scorpions, and their Hair is as the Hair of Women.

HERE

A wonderful PROPHECY. 215

HERE the Spirit paus'd a while --- and thus again proceeded:

NOW listen to what is to come.

THOSE that are in shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out --- Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

BE not dejected --- fear not --- but believe and tremble.

THE Lions of this World are dead, and the Princes of this World are dead also, and the next World draweth nigh.

THAT ancient *Whig*, the Antichrist of St. *John*, shall lead the Van like a young Dragon, but he shall be cut piece-meal, and dispossest'd.

THE Dragon upon *Bow-Church*, and the Grasshopper upon the *Royal-Exchange*, shall meet together upon *Stocks-Market*, and shake Hands like Brethren.

SHAKE therefore your Heads, O ye People! My Time is short, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your Repentance, and shorten your Iniquities.

Lo! the Comet appeareth in the South! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Christians!

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istians! Ah blind Brethren! Think not that this baleful Dog-Star only shaketh his Tail at you in Waggersy; no, it shaketh it as a Rod. It is not a sporting Tail, but a fiery Tail, even as the Tail of an Harlot; yea such a Tail as may reach, and be told, to all Posterity.

I AM the Porter that was barbarously slain in Fleetstreet; by the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES was I slain, when they laid violent Hands upon me.

THEY put their Hook into my Mouth, they divided my Nostrils asunder, they sent me, as they thought, to my long Home; but now I am return'd again to foretel their Destruction.

THE Time is at Hand when the Free-thinkers of Great Britain shall be converted to *Judaism*; and the Sultan shall receive the Foreskins of T—d and C—ns in a Box of Gold.

YET two Days, a Day, and half a Day, yea, upon the twelfth Hour of the fourth Day, those Emblems of Gog and MAGOG at the Guild-Hall shall fall to the Ground, and be broken asunder. With them shall perish the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES, and the whole World shall perish with them.

HERE the Spirit disappear'd, and immediately thereupon held his Peace.

A Me-



A

Meditation *upon* a Broom-stick.

According to

The Style and Manner of the Hon^{ble}
ROBERT BOYLE's Meditations.



THIS single Stick, which you now behold
ingloriously lying in that neglected Corner,
I once knew in a flourishing State in a
Forest: It was full of Sap, full of Leaves, and
full of Boughs: But now in vain does the busy
Art of Man pretend to vye with Nature, by tying
that wither'd Bundle of Twigs to its sapless Trunk:
'Tis now at best but the Reverse of what it was,
a Tree turned upside down, the Branches on the
Earth, and the Root in the Air: 'Tis now handled
by every dirty Wench, condemn'd to do her Drud-
gery, and, by a capricious Kind of Fate, destin'd
to make other Things clean, and be nasty itself:
At length, worn to the Stumps in the Service of
the Maids, 'tis either thrown out of Doors, or
condemn'd to the last Use of kindling a Fire. When
I beheld this, I sigh'd, and said within myself,
Surely mortal Man is a Broom-stick!

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K

ture

218 *Meditation upon a Broom-stick.*

ture sent him into the World strong and lusty, in a thriving Condition, wearing his own Hair on his Head, the proper Branches of this Reasoning Vegetable, 'till the Axe of Intemperance has lopp'd off his green Boughs, and left him a wither'd Trunk: He then flies to Art, and puts on a *Perriwig*, valuing himself upon an unnatural Bundle of Hairs, all cover'd with Powder, that never grew on his Head; but now should this our *Broom-stick* pretend to enter the Scene, proud of those *Birchen* Spoils it never bore, and all cover'd with Dust, through the Sweepings of the finest Lady's Chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its Vanity. Partial Judges that we are of our own Excellencies, and other Mens Defaults!

BUT a *Broom-stick*, perhaps you will say, is an Emblem of a Tree standing on its Head; and pray what is Man, but a topsy-turvy Creature, his Animal Faculties perpetually mounted on his Rational, his Head where his Heels should be, groveling on the Earth! and yet, with all his Faults, he sets up to be an universal Reformer and Corrector of Abuses, a Remover of Grievances, rakes into every Slut's Corner of Nature, bringing hidden Corruptions to the Light, and raises a mighty Dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same Pollutions he pretends to sweep away: His last Days are spent in Slavery to Women, and generally the least deserving; till worn to the Stumps, like his Brother *Besom*, he is either kick'd out of Doors, or made use of to kindle Flames, for others to warm themselves by.

MEMOIRS



ADVERTISEMENT.

The Original of the following extraordinary Treatise consisted of two large Volumes in Folio; which might justly be intitled, The Importance of a Man to himself: But, as it can be of very little to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short Abstract of it, as a Taste of the true Spirit of Memoir-Writers.

IN the Name of the Lord. *Amen.* I, P. P.
by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Parish,
writeth this History.

EVER since I arrived at the Age of Discretion, I had a Call to take upon me the Function of a Parish-Clerk, and to that End, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the Parish-Clerks of this Land; such I mean, as were right worthy in their Calling, Men of a clear and sweet Voice, and of becoming Gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the
Year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655. the Year
K 2 wherein

wherein our worthy Benefactor, Esquire *Bret*, did add one Bell to the Ring of this Parish. So that it hath been wittily said, " That one and the same Day did give to this our Church two rare Gifts, its *great Bell* and its *Clerk*."

EVEN when I was at School, my Mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the Youth, in that I had a laudable Voice. And it was furthermore observed, that I took a kindly Affection unto that black Letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly Ballads, such as the *Lady and Death*, the *Children in the Wood*, and *Chevy-Chace*; and not, like other Children, in lewd and trivial Ditties. Moreover, while I was a Boy, I always ventured to lead the Psalm next after Master *William Harris*, my Predecessor, who (it must be confess'd to the Glory of God) was a most excellent Parish-Clerk in that his Day.

YET be it acknowledged, that at the Age of sixteen, I became a Company-keeper, being led into idle Conversation by my extraordinary Love to *Ring*ing; insomuch, that in a short Time I was acquainted with every Set of Bells in the whole Country: Neither could I be prevail'd with to absent myself from *Wakes*, being called thereunto by the Harmony of the Steeple. While I was in these Societies, I gave my self up to unspiritual Pastimes, such as *Wrestling*, *Dancing*, and *Cudgel-playing*; so that I often return'd to my Father's House with a broken Pate: I had my Head broken

at

at *Milton* by *Thomas Wyat*, as we play'd a Bout or two for an Hat that was edged with Silver-Galloon. But in the Year following, I broke the Head of *Harry Stubbs*, and obtain'd an Hat not inferior to the former: At *Telverton* I encountered *George Cummins*, Weaver, and behold my Head was broken a second Time! At the Wake of *Waybrook*, I engag'd *William Simpkins*, Tanner, when lo, thus was my Head broken a third Time! and much Blood trickled therefrom. But I administr'd to my Comfort, saying within myself, "What Man is there, howsoever dextrous in any Knowledge or Craft, who is for aye on his Guard?" A Week after I had a *base-born Child* laid unto me; for in the Days of my Youth I was look'd upon as a Follower of Vene-real Fantasies: Thus was I led into Sin by the Comeliness of *Susanna Smith*, who first tempt'd me; and then put me to Shame; for indeed she was a Maiden of a seducing Eye, and pleasant Feature. I humbled myself before the Justice, I acknowledg'd my Crime to our Curate, and to do away mine Offences, and make her some Attonement, was join'd to her in holy Wedlock on the Sabbath-Day following.

How often do those Things which seem unto us Misfortunes, redound to our Advantage! For the Minister (who had long look'd on *Susanna* as the most lovely of his Parishioners) liked so well of my Demeanour, that he recommended me to the Honour of being his Clerk, which was then

become vacant by the Decease of good Master *William Harris*.

HERE ends the first Chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty Pages of his *Amours in general*, and that particular one with *Susanna* his present Wife; but I proceed to Chapter the 9th.

No sooner was I elected into mine Office, but I laid aside the Powder'd Gallantries of my Youth, and became a new Man. I consider'd myself as in some wise of Ecclesiastical Dignity, since by wearing a Band, which is no small Part of the Ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deem'd, as it were, a *Shred* of the *Linen Vestment* of *Aaron*.

THOU mayst conceive, O Reader, with what Concern I perceiv'd the Eyes of the Congregation fix'd upon me, when I first took my Place at the Feet of the Priest. When I rais'd the Psalm, how did my Voice quaver for Fear! And when I array'd the Shoulders of the Minister with the Surplice, how did my Joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, *Paul*, thou standest before Men of high Worship, the wise Mr. Justice *Freeman*, the grave Mr. Justice *Tomson*, the good Lady *Jones*, and the two virtuous Gentlewomen her Daughters, nay, the great Sir *Thomas Truby*, Knight and Baronet, and my young Master the Esquire, who shall one Day be Lord of this Manor:" Notwithstanding which, it was my good Hap to acquit myself

myself to the good liking of the whole Congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

The next Chapter contains an Account how he discharg'd the several Duties of his Office; in particular, he insists on the following.

I was determin'd to reform the manifold Corruptions and Abuses which had crept into the Church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth Dogs from the Temple, all excepting the Lap-dog of the good Widow *Howard*, a sober Dog which yelped not, nor was there Offence in his Mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to Moroseness, tho' sore against my Heart, unto poor Babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten Apples, which they privily munch'd at Church. But verily it pity'd me, for I remember'd the Days of my Youth.

Thirdly, WITH the Sweat of my own Hands I did make plain and smooth the Dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, THE Pews and Benches which were formerly swept but once in three Years, I caus'd every *Saturday* to be swept with a Besom and trimm'd.

Fifthly and Lastly, I caus'd the Surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh Lavender,

(yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with Rose-Water) and I had great Laud and Praise from all the neighbouring Clergy, forasmuch as no Parish kept the Minister in cleaner Linen.

Notwithstanding these his publick Cares, in the eleventh Chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual Occupations as a Handy-craftsman.

SHOES, *saieth he*, did I make, (and, if intreated, mend) with good Approbation. Faces also did I shave, and I clipt the Hair. Chirurgery also I practis'd in the Worming of Dogs; but to bleed adventur'd I not, except the Poor. Upon this my twofold Profession, there pass'd among pleasant Men a merry Tale, delectable enough to be rehears'd: How that being overtaken with Liquor one Saturday Evening, I shav'd the Priest with *Spanish* Blacking for Shoes, instead of a Wash-ball, and with Lamp-Black powder'd his Perriwig. But these were Sayings of Men, delighting in their own Conceits more than in the Truth. For it is well known, that great was my Care and Skill in all these my Crafts; yea, I once had the Honour of trimming Sir *Thomas* himself, without fetching Blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady *Frances* her Spaniel, which was wont to go astray. He was called *Toby*, that is to say, *Tobias*. And 3dly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous Pair of Shoes of the said Lady, to set an Heel-piece thereon; and I receiv'd such Praise therefore, that it was said all over the Parish, I should be recommended

commended unto the King to mend Shoes for his Majesty: whom God preserve. Amen.

THE rest of this Chapter I purposely omit, for it must be own'd, that when he speaks as a Shoemaker he is very absurd. He talkes of Moses's pulling off his Shoes, of tanning the Hides of the Bulls of Basan, of Simon the Tanner, and takes up four or five Pages to prove, that when the Apostles were instructed to travel without Shoes, the Precept did not extend to their Successors.

The next Chapter relates, how he discover'd a Thief with a Bible and Key, and experimented Verses of the Psalms that had cured Agues.

I pass over many others which inform us of Parish Affairs only; such as of the Succession of Curates; a List of the weekly Texts; what Psalms he chose on proper Occasions; what Children were Born and Bury'd: The last of which Articles he concludes thus,

THAT the Shame of Women may not endure, I speak not of Bastards; neither will I name the Mothers, altho' thereby I might delight many grave Women of the Parish; even her who hath done Penance in the Sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the Church hath been witness of her Disgrace. Let the Father, who hath made due Composition with the Churchwardens to conceal his Infirmary, rest in Peace; my Pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

THE next Chapter contains what he calls a great Revolution in the Church; part of which I transcribe.

NOW was the long expected Time arriv'd, when the Psalms of King David should be hymn'd unto the same Tunes to which he play'd them upon his Harp; so was I inform'd by my Singing-Master, a Man right cunning in *Psalmody*: Now was our over-abundant *Quaver* and *Trilling* done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the *Sol-fa*, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's Chapel. We had *London* Singing-Masters sent into every Parish, like unto *Excise-men*; and I also was ordain'd to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy Disciple, in order to instruct my Fellow-Parishioners in this new Manner of Worship. What tho' they accus'd me of humming-through the Nostril, as a *Sacbut*; yet would I not forego that Harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy Parish-Clerks of *London*, still to preserve the same. I tutored the young Men and Maidens to tune their Voices as it were a *Psaltery*, and the Church on the Sunday was fill'd with these new *Hallelujahs*.

THEN follow full seventy Chapters, containing an exact Detail of the Law-Suits of the Parson and his Parishioners concerning Tythes, and near a hundred Pages left Blank, with an earnest Desire that the History might be completed by any of his

his Successors, in whose Time these Suits should be ended.

THE next Chapter contains an Account of the Briefs read in the Church, and the Sums collected upon each. For the Reparation of nine Churches, collected at nine several times, 2s. and 7d. $\frac{3}{4}$. For fifty Families ruin'd by Fire, 1s. $\frac{1}{2}$. For an Inundation, a King Charles's Groat given by Lady Frances, &c.

IN the next, he laments the Disuse of Wedding-Sermons, and celebrates the Benefits arising from those at Funerals, concluding with these Words: Ah! let not the Relations of the Deceas'd grudge the small Expence of an Harband, a pair of Gloves, and Ten Shillings, for the Satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious Divine, that their Father, Brother, or Bosom Wife, are certainly in Heaven.

IN another, he draws a Panegyrick on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, but after great Encomiums, concludes, that, notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable Vessel, being a barren Woman, and never once having furnished God's Church with a Christening.

WE find in another Chapter, how he was much stagger'd in his Belief, and disturb'd in his Conscience by an Oxford Scholar, who had prov'd to him by Logick, that Animals might have rational, nay, immortal Souls; but how he was again comforted with

with the Reflection, that if so, they might be allowed christian Burial, and greatly augment the Fees of the Parish.

IN the two following Chapters he is overpower'd with Vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the Feasts and Banquets of the Church Officers, and the Speeches he there made for the Good of the Parish. How he gave Hints to young Clergy-men to preach; but above all, how he gave a Text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent Sermon, the Merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a Conference he had with the Vicar concerning the Use of Texts. Let a Preacher (saith he) consider the Assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his Text. Micah the 3d and 11th affordeth good Matter for Courtiers and Court-serving Men. The Heads of the Land judge for Reward; and the People thereof judge for Hire; and the Prophets thereof divine for Money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? Were the first Minister to appoint a Preacher before the House of Commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these Words? Give, and it shall be given unto ye. Or before the Lords, Giving no Offence, that the Ministry be not blamed, 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm Zeal of an Administration, Who maketh his Ministers a flaming Fire, Psalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his Texts, as too tedious.

FROM

FROM this Period, the Stile of the Book rises extreamly. Before the next Chapter was pasted the Effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, and I found the opposite Page all on a Foam with Politicks.

WE are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated Year, in which the Church of England was tried in the Person of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the Interest of our High-Church at Heart, neither would I at any Seasons mingle myself in the Societies of Fanaticks, whom I from my Infancy abhorred, more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in these Days I bethought myself, that much Profit might accrue unto our Parish, and even unto the Nation, could there be assembled together a Number of chosen Men of the right Spirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great Matters. Unto this purpose, I did institute a weekly Assembly of divers worthy Men at the *Rose and Crown Alehouse*, over whom myself (tho' unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read unto them the *Post-Boy* of Mr. Roper, and the written Letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among our selves. Our Society was composed of the following Persons: *Robert Jenkins*, Farrier; *Amos Turner*, Collar-maker; *George Pilcocks*, late Exciseman; *Thomas White*, Wheel-wright; and myself. First, of the first, *Robert Jenkins*.

HE was a Man of bright Parts and shrewd Conceit, for he never shooed an Horse of a Whig or a Fanatick, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos

Amos Turner, a worthy Person, rightly esteem'd among us for his Sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the Stocks for wearing an Oaken Bough.

George Pilcocks, a Sufferer also, of zealous and laudable Freedom of Speech, inſomuch that his Occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good Repute likewise, for that his Uncle, by the Mother's Side, had, formerly, been Servitor at *Maudlin Colledge*, where the glorious *Sacheverel* was educated.

Now were the Eyes of all the Parish upon these our Weekly Councils. In a short Space, the Minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our Councils to a Multitude of other Ministers at the Visitation, and they spake thereof unto the Ministers at *London*, so that even the *Bishops* heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, *Sir Thomas*, Member of Parliament, spake of the same to other Members of Parliament; who spake thereof unto the Peers of the Realm. Lo! thus did our Counsels enter into the Hearts of our Generals and our Lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

After this, the whole Book is turn'd on a sudden, from his own Life, to a History of all the publick Transactions of Europe, compiled from the Newspapers of those Times. I could not comprehend the
Meaning

Meaning of this, till I perceived at last (to my no small Astonishment) that all the Measures of the Four last Years of the Queen, together with the Peace at Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the E—— of O——, D—— of O——, Lords H—— and B——, and other great Men; do here most plainly appear, to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, P. P.

The Reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary Writer, whose Work I have here abstracted. I took a Journey into the Country on purpose. The Neighbourhood there thought it must be one Paul Philips, who had been dead above twelve Years. I could learn no more from my Enquiry, but that such a one had liv'd and dy'd there: And there was nothing they knew remarkable of him, only this Circumstance which all agreed in, " That he had a black and white " Cur with one Ear, that constantly follow'd " him.

In the Church-yard, I read his Epitaph, said to be written by himself.

O Reader, if that thou canst read,

Look down upon this Stone;

Do all we can, Death is a Man,

That never spareth none.



THE
Country-Post.

*From Tuesday, August the 12th, to
Thursday, August the 14th.*

From the Hen-roost, August the 4th.

TWO Days ago we were put in a dreadful Consternation by the Advance of a Kite, which threaten'd every Minute to fall upon us; he made several *Motions* as if he design'd to attack our *Left Wing*, which cover'd our *Infantry*. We were alarm'd at his Approach, and upon a general Muster of all our Forces, the Kitchen-Maid came to our Relief; but we were soon convinc'd that she had betray'd us, and was in the Interest of the Kite aforesaid; for she twisted off two of our Companions Necks, and stripp'd them naked: Five of us were also clapp'd in a *close-Prison*, in order to be sold for Slaves the next Market-day.

P.S. THE

P. S. THE black Hen was last Night safely deliver'd of Seven young Ducks.

From the Garden, August the 3d.

THE Boars have done much Mischief of late in these Parts, to such a degree, that not a Turnip or Carrot can lie safe in their Beds. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden Engine put about their Necks, to have their Noses bored, and Rings thrust thro' them, as a Mark of Infamy for such Practices.

From the great Pond, August the 1st.

YESTERDAT a large Sail of Ducks pass'd by here, after a small Resistance from two little Boys who flung Stones at them: They landed near the Barn-door, where they forag'd with very good Success: While they were upon this Enterprize, an old Turkey-Cock attack'd a Maid in a red Petticoat, and she retir'd with great Precipitation. This Afternoon being somewhat Rainy, they set sail again, and took several Frogs. Just now arriv'd the Parson's Wife, and Twenty Ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what Crime we know not, however two of them were condemn'd; 'twas also observ'd that she carried off a Gosling and three sucking Pigs.

From

*From the little Fort at the End of the Garden,
August the 5th.*

LAST Night two young Men of this Place made a *Detachment* of their Breeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two *Overtures* of the said Fort; but at their Approach they heard great Firing from the Port-holes, they found them already *Bombarded* by the *Rear-Guard* of *Sarah* and *Suky*, who fearing these young Men were come to beat up their *Quarters*, deserted their *necessary* Posts, which were immediately taken Possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoy'd by reason of several Stink-Pots that had been flung there the same Morning.

From the Bailey-Mow near the Barn, Aug. the 3d.

It was Yesterday rumour'd, that there was heard a mighty Squeaking near this Place, as of an Army of Mice, who were thought to lie in Ambuscade in the said Mow: Upon this the Farmer assembled together a Counsel of Neighbours, wherein it was resolv'd that the Mow should be removed to prevent the farther Destruction of the Forage. This Day the Affair was put in Execution, four Hundred and Seventy nine Mice and Three large Rats were killed, and a vast Number wounded, by Pitch-Forks and other Instruments of Husbandry. A Mouse that was close pursued, took Shelter under *Dolly's* Petticoats, but by the Vigilance of *George Simons*, he

he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his Way through a deep Morass, and crush'd to Death on the Spot. There was nothing material happen'd the next Day, only *Cicily Hart* was observ'd to make Water under the said Mow, as she was going a Milking.

From the great Yard, August the 2d.

It is very credibly reported that there is a Treaty of Marriage on Foot between the old Red Cock, and the Pyed Hen, they having of late appear'd very much in Publick together: He Yesterday made her a Present of three *Barley-Corns*, so that we look on this Affair as concluded. This is the same Cock that fought a Duel for her about a Month ago.

From the Squire's House.

ON Sunday last there was a noble Entertainment in our great Hall, where were present the Parson and the Farmer: The Parson eat like a Farmer, and the Farmer like a Parson: We refer you to the Curious in Calculations to decide which eat most.

It is reported that the Minister Christen'd a Male Child last Week, but it wants *Confirmation*.

From

From the Justices Meeting, August the 7th.

THIS Day a Jack-Daw, well known in the Parish, was order'd close Prisoner to a Cage, for crying *Cuckold* to a Justice of the *Quorum*; and the same Evening certain Apples, for *hissing* in a disrespectful Manner as they were *Roasting*, were committed to Lambs Wooll. The same Day the said Justices caused a Pig to be whipt to Death, and eat the same, being convicted of *Squeaking* on the 10th of June.

From the Church, August 8th.

DIVINE Service is continued in our Parish as usual, though we have seldom the Company of any of the neighbouring Gentry; by whose manner of Living it may be conjectured, that the Advices from this Place are not credited by them, or else regarded as Matters of little Consequence.

From the Church-yard, August the 8th.

THE Minister (having observed his only Daughter to seem too much affected with the Intercourse of his Bull and the Cows of the Parish) has order'd the Ceremony for the future to be perform'd not in his own Court, but in the Church-yard; where, at the first Solemnity of that Kind, the Grave-stones of *John Fry*, *Peter How*, and *Mary d'Ursey*, were spurn'd down. This has already occasion'd great Debates in the Vestry.

Vestry, the latter being the deceased Wife of the *Singing Clerk* of this Place.

Casualties this Week.

SEVERAL Casualties have happened this Week, and the Bill of Mortality is very much increased. There have died of the *falling Sicknefs* two stumbling Horses, as also one of their Riders. *Smother'd* (in Onions) Seven Rabbits. *Stifled* (in a Soldier's Breeches) two Geese. Of a *Sore Throat*, several Sheep and Calves at the Butchers. *Starv'd* to Death, one Bastard Child nurs'd at the Parish Charge. *Stillborn* in Eggs of Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Hens, Thirty-six. *Drown'd*, Nine Puppies. Of *Wind in the Bowels*, Five Bottles of Small-Beer. I have not yet seen the exact List of the Parish Clerk, so that for a more particular Account, we refer you to our next.

WE have nothing material as to the *Stocks*, only that *Dick Adams* was set in them last Sunday for Swearing.



Stradling

Stradling *versus* Stiles.

Le Report del Case argue en le commen Banke devant tous les Justices de mesme le Banke, en le quart. An. du raygne de Roy *Jaques*, entre *Matthew Stradling* Plant. et *Peter Stiles* Def. en un Action propter certos Equos coloratos, *Anglicè*, *pped Horses*, post per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel
del Case.

SIR John Swale, of Swale-Hall in Swale-Dale fast by the River Swale, Etc. made his Last Will and Testament: In which, among other Bequests was this, viz. Out of the kind Love and Respect that I bear unto my much honoured and good Friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. I do bequeath unto the said Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. *all my black and white Horses. The Testator had six black Horses, six white Horses, and six pped Horses.*

The Debate therefore was, Whether
Le Point. or no the said *Matthew Stradling* should have the said pped Horses by virtue of the said Bequest?

Pour le Pl. Atkins Apprentice pour le Pl. moe
semble que le Pl. recouvrera.

And

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider, what is the Nature of Horses, and also what is the Nature of Colours; and so the Argument will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, that is to say, the Formal Part, and Substantial Part. Horses are the Substantial Part of thing Bequeathed: Black and White the Formal and descriptive Part.

Horse, in a physical Sense, doth import a certain Quadrupede or four-footed Animal, which by the apt and regular Disposition of certain proper and convenient Parts, is adapted, fitted and constituted for the Use and Need of Man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this Animal conceived to be to the Behoof of the Commonwealth, that sundry and divers Acts of Parliament have from time to time been made in Favour of Horses.

1st Edw. VI. Makes the Transporting of Horses out of the Kingdom, no less a Penalty than the Forfeiture of 40l.

2d and 3d Edw. VI. Takes from Horse-stealers the Benefit of their Clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. condescend so far as to take Care of their very Breed: These our wise Ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own Posterity, than by also taking care of that of their Horses.

And

And of so great esteem are Horses in the Eye of the Common Law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous Crime, his Punishment is to have his Spurs chopt off with a Cleaver, being, as Master Bracton well observeth, unworthy to ride on a Horse.

Littleton, Sect. 315. saith, If Tenants in Common make a Lease reserving for Rent a Horse, they shall have but one Assize, because, saith the Book, the Law will not suffer a Horse to be severed: Another Argument of what high Estimation the Law maketh of an Horse.

But as the great Difference seemeth not to be so much touching the Substantial Part, Horses, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive Part, viz. What Horses they are that come within this Bequest.

Colours are commonly of various Kinds and different Sorts; of which White and Black are the two Extreams, and consequently comprehend within them all other Colours whatsoever.

By a Bequest therefore of black and white Horses, grey or pyed Horses may well pass; so when two Extreams, or remotest Ends of any thing are devised, the Law, by common Intendment will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present Case is still stronger, coming not only within the Intendment, but also to the very Letter of the Words.

By

By the Word Black, all the Horses that are black are devised; by the Word White, are devised those that are White; and by the same Word, with the Conjunction Copulative, And, between them, the Horses that are Black and White, that is to say, Pyed, are devised also.

Whatever is Black and White is Pyed, and whatever is Pyed is Black and White; *ergo*, Black and White is Pyed, and, *vice versa*, Pyed is Black and White.

If therefore Black and White Horses are devised, Pyed Horses shall pass by such Devise; but Black and White Horses are devised; *ergo*, the Pl. shall have the Pyed Horses.

Pour le
Defend. Catlyne Serjeant, Voy semble at
contrary, The Plaintiff shall not have
the Pyed Horses by Intendment; for if
by the Devise of Black and White Horses, not
only black and white Horses, but Horses of
any Colour between these two Extremes may
pass, then not only Pyed and Grey Horses, but
also Red or Bay Horses would pass likewise,
which would be absurd, and against Reason.
And this is another strong Argument in
Law. *Nil quod est contra rationem est licitum*;
for Reason is the Life of the Law, nay the
Common Law is nothing but Reason; which
is to be understood of artificial Perfection and
Reason gotten by long Study, and not of
Mans natural Reason, for *nemo nascitur Artifex*,
and Legal Reason *est summa ratio*; and there-
fore

fore if all the Reason that is dispersed into so many different Heads, were united into one, he could not make such a Law as the Law of England; because by many Successions of Ages it hath been fixed and refixed by grave and learned Men; so that the old Rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiores.*

As therefore pyed Horses do not come within the Intendment of the Bequest, so neither do they within the Letter of the Words.

A pyed Horse is not a white Horse, neither is a pyed a black Horse; how then can pyed Horses come under the Words of black and white Horses?

Besides, where Custom hath adapted a certain determinate Name to any one thing, in all Devises, Feoffments and Grants, that certain Name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory Descriptions shall be allowed; for Certainty is the Father of Right, and the Mother of Justice.

Le reste del Argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui distrub en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt de cest Matter; et apres grand deliberation en, Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. nihil causa.

Motion in Arrest of Judgment, that the pyed Horses were Mares; and thereupon an Inspection was prayed.

Et sur ceo le Court advisare vult.

P.R.O.

PROPOSALS for printing a very
Curious Discourse, entitled, ΨΕΥ-
ΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ; or, *The*
Art of POLITICAL LYING.

THERE is now in the Press, a curious
Piece, intitled, Ψεῦδολογία Πολιτική; or,
The Art of Political Lying: Consisting
of Two Volumes in *Quarto*.

The PROPOSALS are,

I. THAT if the Author meets with suitable Encouragement, he intends to deliver the First Volume to the Subscribers by Hilary Term next.

II. THE Price of both Volumes will be, to the Subscribers, Fourteen Shillings; Seven whereof are to be paid down, and the other Seven at the Delivery of the Second Volume.

III. THOSE that Subscribe for Six shall have a Seventh gratis; which reduces the Price to less than Six Shillings a Volume.

IV. THAT the Subscribers shall have their Names and Places of Abode printed at length.

FOR the Encouragement of so useful a Work, it is thought fit the Publick should be informed of the Contents of the first Volume, by one who has with great Care perus'd the Manuscript.

The Art of POLITICAL LYING.

THE Author in his Preface, makes some very judicious Reflections upon the Original of Arts and Sciences: That at first they consist of scatter'd Theorems and Practices, which are handed about amongst the Masters, and only reveal'd to the *Filii Artis*, till such time as some great Genius appears, who collects these disjointed Propositions, and reduces them into a regular System. That this is the Case of that noble and useful Art of *Political Lying*, which in this last Age having been enrich'd with several *new Discoveries*, ought not to lie any longer in Rubbish and Confusion, but may justly claim a Place in the *Encyclopædia*, especially such as serves for a Model of Education for an able Politician. That he proposes to himself no small Stock of Fame in future Ages, in being the first who has undertaken this Design; and for the same Reason he hopes the Imperfection of his Work will be excused. He invites all Persons who have any Talent that way, or any new Discovery, to communicate their Thoughts, assuring

assuring them that honourable Mention shall be made of them in his Work.

The First Volume consists of Eleven Chapters.

In the *First* Chapter of his excellent Treatise, he reasons Philosophically concerning the Nature of the *Soul of Man*, and those Qualities which render it susceptible of *Lyes*. He supposes the Soul to be of the Nature of a *Plano-Cylindrical Speculum*, or Looking-Glass; that the plain Side was made by God Almighty, but that the Devil afterwards wrought the other Side into a Cylindrical Figure. The plain Side represents Objects just as they are; and the Cylindrical Side, by the Rules of Catoptricks, must needs represent true Objects false, and false Objects true: But the Cylindrical Side being much the *larger Surface*, takes in a *greater Compass* of visual Rays. That upon the Cylindrical Side of the Soul of Man, depends the whole Art and Success of *Political Lying*. The Author, in this Chapter, proceeds to reason upon the Qualities of the Mind: As its peculiar Fondness of the *Malicious* and the *Miraculous*. The Tendency of the Soul towards the *Malicious*, springs from Self-love, or a Pleasure to find Mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate, than ourselves. The Design of the *Miraculous*, proceeds from the Inactivity of the Soul, or its Incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The Author having establish'd the Qualities of the Mind, upon which his Art is founded, he proceeds,

IN his *Second* Chapter, to treat of the *Nature* of *Political Lying*; which he defines to be, *The Art of convincing the People of Salutory Falshoods, for some good End*. He calls it an *Art*, to distinguish it from that of telling Truth, which does not seem to want *Art*; but then he would have this understood only as to the *Invention*, because there is indeed more *Art* necessary to convince the People of a *Salutory Truth*, than a *Salutory Falshood*. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are *Salutory Falshoods*, of which he gives a great many Instances, both before and after the Revolution; and demonstrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the War so long, without several of those *Salutory Falshoods*. He gives Rules to calculate the Value of a *Political Lye*, in Pounds, Shillings, and Pence. By *Good*, he does not mean that which is absolutely so, but what appears so to the Artist; which is a sufficient Ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the Good, as it commonly is, into *Bonum utile, dulce & honestum*. He shews you, that there are *Political Lyes* of a mix'd Nature, which include all the *Three* in different Respects: That the *Utile* reigns generally about the *Exchange*, the *Dulce* and *Honestum* at the *Westminster* End of the Town. One Man spreads a Lye to sell or buy *Stock* to greater Advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his *Party*; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify his *Revenge*. Having explain'd the several Terms of his Definition, he proceeds,

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IN his *Third* Chapter, to treat of the *Lawfulness of Political Lying*; which he deduces from its true and genuine Principles, by enquiring into the several Rights that Mankind have to *Truth*. He shews, that the People have a Right to *private Truth* from their Neighbours, and *æconomical Truth* from their own Family, that they should not be abused by their Wives, Children, and Servants; but that they have no Right at all to *Political Truth*: That the People may as well all pretend to be Lords of Manors, and possess great Estates, as to have Truth told them in Matters of Government. The Author with great Judgment, states the *several Shares* of Mankind in this Matter of Truth, according to their several Capacities, Dignities and Professions; and shews you, that Children have hardly any Share at all; in consequence of which, they have very seldom any Truth told them. It must be own'd, that the Author, in this Chapter, has some seeming Difficulties to answer and explain *Texts of Scripture*.

THE *Fourth* Chapter is wholly employed in this Question, *Whether the Right of Coinage of Political Lyes be wholly in the Government?* The Author, who is a true Friend to *English Liberty*, determines in the Negative, and answers all the Arguments of the opposite Party with great Acuteness: That as the Government of *England* has a Mixture of Democratical in it, so the Right of inventing and spreading *Political Lyes*, is partly in the *People*; and their obstinate Adherence to this

just Privilege has been most conspicuous, and shin'd with great Lustre, of late Years: That it happens very often, that there are no other Means left to the good People of *England*, to pull down a Ministry and Government they are weary of, but by exercising this their undoubted Right: That abundance of *Political Lying* is a sure Sign of true *English Liberty*: That as Ministers do sometimes use Tools to support their Power, it is but reasonable that the People should employ the same Weapon to defend themselves, and pull them down.

IN his *Fifth* Chapter, he divides *Political Lyes* into several *Species* and *Classes*, and gives Precepts about the *Inventing*, *Spreading*, and *Propagating* the several Sorts of them: He begins with the *Rumores*, and *Libella famosi*, such as concern the Reputation of Men in Power: where he finds Fault with the common Mistake, that takes Notice only of one Sort, *viz.* The *Detractory* or *Defamatory*, whereas in truth there are three Sorts, the *Detractory*, the *Additory*, and the *Translatory*. The *Additory* gives to a great Man a larger Share of Reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to serve some good End or Purpose. The *Detractory* or *Defamatory*, is a Lye which takes from a Great Man the Reputation that justly belongs to him, for fear he should use it to the Detriment of the Publick. The *Translatory* is a Lye that transfers the Merit of a Man's good Action to another who is in himself more deserving; or, transfers the Demerit of a bad Action from

from the true Author, to a Person who is in himself less deserving. He gives several Instances of very great Strokes in all the Three Kinds, especially in the last, when it was necessary for the Good of the Publick to bestow the Valour and Conduct of *one* Man upon *another*, and that of *many* to *one* Man, nay, even, upon a good Occasion, a Man may be robb'd of his Victory by a Person that did not command in the Action. The restoring and destroying the Publick, may be ascrib'd to Persons who had no hand in either. The Author exhorts all Gentlemen Practitioners to exercise themselves in the *Translatory*, because the *Existence* of the Things themselves being visible, and not demanding any Proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the Publick, but a *false Author*, or a *false Cause*; which is no great Presumption upon the Credulity of Mankind, to whom the secret Springs of Things are for the most part unknown.

THE Author proceeds to give some Precept as to the *Additory*: That when one ascribes any thing to a Person which does not belong to him, the Lye ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known Qualities: For example, one would not make the *French King* present at a Protestant Conventicle; nor, like *Queen Elizabeth*, restore the Overplus of Taxes to her Subjects. One would not bring in the *Emperor* giving two Months Pay in Advance to his Troops; nor the *Dutch* paying more than their *Quota*. One would not make the same Person zealous for a Standing

Army and Publick Liberty; nor an Atheist support the Church; nor a lewd Fellow a Reformer of Manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brain'd Coxcomb forward for a Scheme of Moderation. But if it is absolutely necessary that a Person is to have some good adventitious Quality given him, the Author's Precept is, that it should not be done at first in *extremo gradu*. For Example; They should not make a covetous Man give away all at once five thousand Pounds in a charitable generous Way; twenty or thirty Pounds may suffice at first. They should not introduce a Person of remarkable Ingratitude to his Benefactors, rewarding a poor Man for some good Office that was done him thirty Years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a Service to a Person, who is capable still to do him another. A Man whose personal Courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole Squadrons before him; but he may be allow'd the Merit of some Squabble, or throwing a Bottle at his Adversary's Head.

It will not be allow'd, to make a great Man, that is a known Despiser of Religion, spend whole Days in his Closet at his Devotion; but you may with Safety make him sit out publick Prayers with Decency. A great Man, who has never been known willingly to pay a just Debt, ought not all of a sudden to be introduc'd making Restitution of Thousands he has cheated; let it suffice at first, to pay twenty Pounds to a Friend who has lost his Note.

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HE lays down the same Rules in the *Detractory* or *Defamatory* Kind; that they should not be quite opposite to the Qualities the Persons are suppos'd to have. Thus it will not be found according to the sound Rules of *Pseudology*, to report of a pious and religious Prince, that he neglects his Devotion, and would introduce Heresy; but you may report of a merciful Prince, that he has pardon'd a Criminal who did not deserve it. You will be unsuccessful, if you give out of a great Man, who is remarkable for his Frugality for the Publick, that he squanders away the Nation's Money; but you may safely relate that he hoards it: You must not affirm he took a Bribe; but you may freely censure him for being tardy in his Payments; because though neither may be true, yet the last is credible, the first not. Of an open-hearted generous Minister you are not to say, that he was in an Intrigue to betray his Country; but you may affirm, with some Probability, that he was in an Intrigue with a Lady. He warns all Practitioners to take good heed to these Precepts; for want of which, many of their Lyes of late have prov'd abortive or short-liv'd.

IN the *Sixth* Chapter he treats of the *Miraculous*; by which he understands any thing that exceeds the common Degrees of Probability. In respect of the People it is divided into two Sorts, the *τὸ φοβερόν*, or the *τὸ δεινόν*, *Terrifying Lyes*, and *Animating* or *Encouraging Lyes*, both being extremely useful on their proper Occasions. Concerning

cerning the *τὸ φοβερόν*, he gives several Rules; one of which is, that terrible Objects should not be too frequently shewn to the People, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary that the People of *England* should be frighted with the *French King* and the *Pretender* once a Year; but that the Bears should be chain'd up again till that Time Twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary a Precept, in bringing out the *Raw-head and Bloody-bones* upon every trifling Occasion, has produc'd great Indifference in the Vulgar of late Years. As to the *Animating* or *Encouraging Lyes*, he gives the following Rules, that they should not far exceed the common Degrees of Probability; that there should be Variety of them; and the same Lye not obstinately insisted upon: That the Promissory or prognosticating Lyes should not be upon *short Days*, for fear the Authors should have the Shame and Confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines by these Rules, that well-meant, but unfortunate Lye of the *Conquest of France*, which continued near *twenty Years* together; but at last by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn threadbare, and became unsuccessful.

As to the *τὸ τεράσιον*, or the *Prodigious*, he has little to advise, but that their Comets, Whales, and Dragons should be *fixable*; their Storms, Tempests, and Earthquakes, without the Reach of a *Day's Journey* of a Man and a Horse.

THE *Seventh* Chapter is wholly taken up in an Enquiry, Which of the *two Parties* are the greatest Artists in *Political Lying*. He owns that sometimes the one Party, and sometimes the other, is better believ'd, but that they have both very great Genius's amongst them. He attributes the ill Success of either *Party* to their glutting the Market, and retailing too much of a bad Commodity at once: When there is too great a Quantity of Worms, it is hard to catch Gudgeons. He proposes a Scheme for the Recovery of the Credit of any *Party*, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not favour of that sound Judgment the Author has shewn in the rest of the Work. It amounts to this, that the *Party* should agree to vent nothing but Truth for three Months together, which will give them Credit for six Months Lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit Persons to execute this Scheme. Towards the End of the Chapter, he inveighs severely against the Folly of Parties, in retaining Scoundrels and Men of low Genius's to retail their Lyes; such as most of the present News-Writers are, who, except a strong Bent and Inclination towards the Profession, seem to be wholly ignorant in the Rules of *Pseudology*, and not at all qualify'd for so weighty a Trust.

IN his next Chapter he treats of some extraordinary Genius's who have appear'd of late Years, especially in their Disposition towards the *Miraculous*. He advises those hopeful young Men to
turn

turn their Invention to the Service of their Country, it being inglorious, at this Time, to employ their Talent in prodigious Fox-Chases, Horse-Courses, Feats of Activity in driving of Coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of Peaches, pulling out whole Sets of Teeth to clean, &c. when their Country stands so much in need of their Assistance.

THE *Eighth* Chapter is a Project for uniting the several smaller Corporations of Lyars into one Society. It is too tedious to give a full Account of the whole Scheme: what is most remarkable is, That this Society ought to consist of the Heads of each Party: That no Lye is to pass current without their Approbation, they being the best Judges of the present Exigences, and what Sort of Lyes are demanded: That in such a Corporation there ought to be Men of all Professions, that the *πρόσπον*, and the *πρόβλεπον*, that is, *Decency* and *Probability*, may be observ'd as much as possible: That besides the Persons above-mention'd, this Society ought to consist of the hopeful Genius's about the Town, (of which there are great Plenty to be pick'd up in the several Coffee-Houses) Travellers, Virtuoso's, Fox-hunters, Jockies, Attornies, old Seamen and Soldiers out of the Hospitals of *Greenwich* and *Chelsea*: To this Society, so constituted ought to be committed the sole Management of *Lying*: That in their outer Room there ought always to attend some Persons endow'd with a great Stock of Credulity, a Generation that thrives mightily in this Soil and Climate: He thinks a sufficient Number

ber of them may be pick'd up any where about the *Exchange*: These are to circulate what the other coin; for no Man spreads a Lye with so good a Grace as he that believes it: That the Rule of the Society be to invent a Lye, and sometimes two, for every Day; in the Choice of which great Regard ought to be had to the Weather, and the Season of the Year: Your *poſſeſſors*, or *Terrifying Lyes*, do mighty well in *November* and *December*, but not so well in *May* and *June*, unless the easterly Winds reign: That it ought to be Penal, for any body to talk of any thing but the Lye of the Day: That the Society is to maintain a sufficient Number of Spies at Court, and other Places, to furnish Hints and Topicks for Invention; and a general Correspondence of all the Market-Towns for circulating their Lyes: That if any one of the Society were observ'd to blush, or look out of Countenance, or want a necessary Circumstance in telling the Lye, he ought to be expell'd, and declar'd incapable: Besides the roaring Lyes, there ought to be a private Committee for Whispers, constituted of the ablest Men of the Society. Here the Author makes a Digression in Praise of the *Whig-Party*, for the right Understanding and Use of *Proof-Lyes*. A *Proof-Lye* is like a *Proof-Charge* for a Piece of Ordnance, to try a Standard Credulity. Of such a Nature he takes Transubstantiation to be in the Church of *Rome*, a *Proof-Article*, which if any one swallows, they are sure he will digest every thing else: Therefore the *Whig-Party* do wisely, to try the Credulity of the People sometimes by *Swingers*, that they may be able

to judge to what Height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the End of this Chapter, he warns the Heads of Parties against believing their own Lyes, which has prov'd of pernicious Consequence of late, both a wise Party, and a wise Nation having regulated their Affairs upon Lyes of their own Invention. The Causes of this he supposes to be too great a Zeal and Intenseness in the Practice of this *Art*, and a vehement Heat in mutual Conversation, whereby they persuade one another, that what they wish, and report to be true, is really so: That all Parties have been subject to this Misfortune: The *Jacobites* have been constantly infested with it; but the *Whigs* of late seem ev'n to exceed them in this ill Habit and Weakness. To this Chapter the Author subjoins a *Calendar* of Lyes, proper for the several Months of the Year.

THE Ninth Chapter treats of the *Celerity* and *Duration* of Lyes. As to the *Celerity* of their Motion, the Author says it is almost incredible: He gives several Instances of Lyes that have gone faster than a Man can ride Post: Your *Terrifying Lyes* travel at a prodigious Rate, above ten Miles an Hour; your *Whispers* move in a narrow Vortex, but very swiftly. The Author says it is impossible to explain several *Phænomena* in relation to the *Celerity* of Lyes, without the Supposition of *Synchronism* and *Combination*. As to the *Duration* of Lyes, he says they are of all Sorts, from Hours and Days to Ages; that there are some, which, like Insects, die and revive again in a different Form;

Form; that good Artists, like People who build upon a short Lease, will calculate the Duration of a Lye surely to answer their Purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the Turn is serv'd.

THE *Tenth* Chapter treats of the Characteristics of Lyes; how to know, when, where, and by whom invented? Your *Dutch, English, and French* Ware are amply distinguished from one another; an *Exchange-Lye* from one coin'd at the other End of the Town: Great Judgment is to be shewn as to the Place where the Species is intended to circulate: very low and base Coin will serve for *Wapping*: There are several Coffee-houses that have their particular Stamps, which a judicious Practitioner may easily know. All your great Men have their proper *Phantasticks*. The Author says he has attain'd, by Study and Application, to so great Skill in this Matter, that bring him any Lye, he can tell whose Image it bears so truly, as the Great Man himself shall not have the Face to deny it. The *Promissory* Lyes of Great Men are known by shouldering, hugging, squeezing, smiling, bowing; and their Lyes in Matter of Fact, by immoderate Swearing.

HE spends the whole *Eleventh* Chapter on one simple Question, *Whether a Lye is best contradicted by Truth, or by another Lye?* The Author says, that, considering the large Extent of the *Cylindrical Surface* of the Soul, and the great Propensity to believe Lyes in the Generality of Mankind of late Years, he thinks the properest Contradiction

tradiction to a Lye, is another Lye. For Example; if it should be reported that the Pretender was at *London*, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in *England*; but you must prove by Eye-witnesses that he came no farther than *Greenwich*, and then went back again. Thus if it be spread about that a great Person were dying of some Disease, you must not say the Truth, that they are in Health, and never had such a Disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was, not long ago, a Gentleman who affirm'd, that the Treaty with *France*, for bringing in Popery and Slavery into *England*, was sign'd the 15th of *September*; to which another answer'd very judiciously, not by opposing Truth to his Lye, that there was no such Treaty; but that, to his certain Knowledge, There were many Things in that Treaty not yet adjusted.

The Account of the Second Volume of this excellent Treatise, is reserv'd for another Time.

A LETTER



*A LETTER to a very Young
LADY on her MARRIAGE.*



MADAM,

THE Hurry and Impertinence of receiving and paying Visits on account of your Marriage, being now over, you are beginning to enter into a Course of Life, where you will want much Advice to divert you from falling into many Errors, Fopperies, and Follies to which your Sex is subject. I have always born an entire Friendship to your Father and Mother; and the Person they have chosen for your Husband, hath been for some Years past my Particular Favourite; I have long wish'd you might come together, because I hoped, that from the Goodness of your Disposition, and by following the Counsel of wise Friends, you might in time make your self worthy of him. Your Parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the World, whereby you avoided many wrong Steps which others have taken, and have fewer ill Impressions to be remov'd: But they fail'd, as it is generally the Case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your Mind; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the Friendship and Esteem of a wise Man, who

who soon grows weary of acting the Lover and treating his Wife like a Mistress, but wants a reasonable Companion, and a true Friend, through every Stage of his Life. It must be therefore your Business to qualify yourself for those Offices; wherein I will not fail to be your Director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

AND beware of despising or neglecting my Instructions, whereon will depend, not only your making a good Figure in the World, but your own real Happiness, as well as that of the Person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first Place, to be very slow in changing the modest Behaviour of a Virgin: It is usual in young Wives, before they have been many Weeks marry'd, to assume a bold forward Look and Manner of talking, as if they intended to signify in all Companies, that they were no longer Girls, and consequently that their whole Demeanor, before they got a Husband, was all but a Countenance and Constraint upon their Nature; whereas, I suppose, if the Votes of wise Men were gather'd, a very great majority would be in favour of those Ladies, who, after they were enter'd into that State, rather chose to double their Portion of Modesty and Reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least Degree of Fondness to your Husband before any Witness whatsoever, even before your nearest Relations,

Relations, or the very Maids of your Chamber. This Proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have either good Breeding or good Sense, that they assign two very unamiable Reasons for it; the one is gross Hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a Name to mention. If there is any Difference to be made, your Husband is the lowest Person in Company, either at Home or abroad, and every Gentleman present has a better Claim to all Marks of Civility and Distinction from you. Conceal your Esteem and Love in your own Breast, and reserve your kind Looks and Language for private Hours, which are so many in the Four-and-twenty, that they will afford time to employ a Passion as exalted as any that was ever describ'd in a *French* Romance.

UPON this Head, I should likewise advise you to differ in Practice from those Ladies who affect abundance of Uneasiness while their Husbands are abroad, start with every Knock at the Door, and ring the Bell incessantly for the Servants to let in their Master, will not eat a Bit at Dinner or Supper if the Husband happens to stay out, and receive him at his Return with such a Medley of Chiding and Kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a Shrew from *Billingsgate* would be a more easy and eligible Companion.

OF the same Leaven are those Wives, who when their Husbands are gone a Journey, must have a Letter every Post, upon Pain of Fits and Hystericks, and a Day must be fix'd for their return Home, without

without the least allowance for Business, or Sickness, or Accidents, or Weather: Upon which, I can only say, that in my Observation, those Ladies who were apt to make the greatest Clutter upon such Occasions, would liberally have paid a Messenger for bringing them News that their Husbands had broken their Necks on the Road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent Passion for fine Cloaths, so predominant in your Sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose Sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your Council: I may venture to assure you, that we will make an Abatement at any time of four Pounds a Yard in a Brocade, if the Ladies will but allow a suitable Addition of Care in the Cleanliness and Sweetness of their Persons: For the satyrical Part of Mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible, to be very fine and very filthy; and that the Capacities of a Lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating Cleanliness and Finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a Subject, what a pleasant Gentleman said concerning a silly Woman of Quality; that nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her Head, for his Ears were offended by her Tongue, and his Nose by her Hair and Teeth.

I am wholly at a Loss how to advise you in the Choice of Company, which, however, is a Point of as great Importance as any in your Life. If your general Acquaintance be among Ladies who are your Equals or Superiors, provided they have
nothing

nothing of what is commonly called an ill Reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the Style of the World, will pass for good Company. Whereas I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one Female Acquaintance in this Town, from whom you will not be in manifest Danger of contracting some Foppery, Affectation, Vanity, Folly, or Vice. Your only safe Way of conversing with them, is by a firm Resolution to proceed in your Practice and Behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do: And this I take to be a good general Rule, with very few Exceptions. For Instance, In the Doctrines they usually deliver to young marry'd Women for managing their Husbands; their several Accounts of their own Conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your Imitation; the Reflections they make upon others of their Sex for acting differently; their Directions how to come off with Victory upon any Dispute or Quarrel you may have with your Husband; the Arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak Side; when to work by Flattery and Insinuation, when to melt him with Tears, and when to engage with a high Hand. In these, and a thousand other Cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their Lectures in your Memory as you can, and then determine to act in full Opposition to them all.

I hope your Husband will interpose his Authority to limit you in the Trade of visiting: Half a Dozen Fools are in all Conscience as many as you should require; and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a Year: For I think the Fashion

Fashion does not exact, that Visits should be paid to Friends.

I advise that your Company at Home should consist of Men, rather than Women. To say the Truth, I never yet knew a tolerable Woman to be fond of her own Sex: I confess, when both are mix'd and well chosen, and put their best Qualities forward, there may be an Intercourse of Civility and Good-will; which, with the Addition of some Degree of Sense, can make Conversation or any Amusement agreeable. But a Knot of Ladies, got together by themselves, is a very School of Impertinence and Detraction, and it is well if those be the worst.

LET your Men-acquaintance be of your Husband's Choice, and not recommended to you by any She-companions, because they will certainly fix a Coxcomb upon you, and it will cost you some Time and Pains before you can arrive at the Knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a Man of Sense.

NEVER take a favourite Waiting-maid into your Cabinet Council, to entertain you with Histories of those Ladies whom she hath formerly serv'd, of their Diversions and their Dresses; to insinuate how great a Fortune you brought, and how little you are allow'd to squander; to appeal to her from your Husband, and to be determin'd by her Judgment, because you are sure it will be always for you; to receive and discard Servants by her Approbation or Dislike; to engage you, by her Insinuations,

sinuations, into Misunderstandings with your best Friends; to represent all Things in False Colours, and to be the common Emissary of Scandal.

BUT the grand Affair of your Life will be to gain and preserve the Friendship and Esteem of your Husband. You are married to a Man of good Education and Learning, of an excellent Understanding, and an exact Taste. It is true, and it is happy for you, that these Qualities in him are adorn'd with great Modesty, a most amiable Sweetness of Temper, and an unusual Disposition to Sobriety and Virtue: But neither Good-nature nor Virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his Judgment; and although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in Time grow a Thing indifferent and perhaps contemptible; unless you can supply the Loss of Youth and Beauty with more durable Qualities. You have but a very few Years to be young and handsome in the Eyes of the World; and as few Months to be so in the Eyes of a Husband, who is not a Fool; for I hope you do not still dream of Charms and Raptures, which Marriage ever did, and ever will, put a sudden End to. Besides, your's was a Match of Prudence and common Good-liking, without any Mixture of that ridiculous Passion, which has no Being but in Play-Books and Romances.

You must therefore use all Endeavours to attain to some Degree of those Accomplishments which your Husband most values in other People, and for which he is most valued himself. You must im-

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prove

prove your Mind, by closely pursuing such a Method of Study as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a Collection of History and Travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some Hours every Day in reading them, and making Extracts from them, if your Memory be weak. You must invite Persons of Knowledge and Understanding to an Acquaintance with you, by whose Conversation you may learn to correct your Taste and Judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good Sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly your self, and to become a reasonable and agreeable Companion. This must produce in your Husband a true rational Love and Esteem for you, which old Age will not diminish. He will have Regard for your Judgment and Opinion in Matters of the greatest Weight; you will be able to entertain each other without a third Person to relieve you by finding Discourse. The Endowments of your Mind will even make your Person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your Time will not lie heavy upon your Hands for want of some trifling Amusement.

As little Respect as I have for the Generality of your Sex, it hath sometimes mov'd me with Pity, to see the Lady of the House forced to withdraw immediately after Dinner, and this in Families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established Maxim, that Women are incapable of all Conversation. In a Room where both Sexes meet, if the Men are discoursing upon any general Subject,

Subject, the Ladies never think it their Business to partake in what passes, but in a separate Club entertain each other with the Price and Choice of Lace and Silk, and what Dresses they liked or disapprov'd at the Church or the Play-house. And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first Compliments, do you apply your Hands to each others Lappets and Ruffles and Mantua's, as if the whole Business of your Lives, and the publick Concern of the World, depended upon the Cut or Colour of your Dresses. As Divines say, that some People take more Pains to be damned, than it would cost them to be saved; so your Sex employs more Thought, Memory, and Application to be Fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human Creatures, but a Sort of Species hardly a Degree above a Monkey; who has more diverting Tricks than any of you; is an Animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable Critick in Velvet and Brocade, and, for ought I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon Finery as a necessary Folly, as all great Ladies did whom I have ever known: I do not desire you to be out of the Fashion, but to be the last and least in it: I expect that your Dress shall be one Degree lower than your Fortune can afford; and in your own Heart I would wish you to be an utter Contemner of all Distinctions which a finer Petticoat can give you; because it will neither make you

richer, handsomer, younger, better-natur'd, more virtuous, or wise, than if it hung upon a Peg.

If you are in Company with Men of Learning; tho' they happen to discourse of Arts and Sciences out of your Compass, yet you will gather more Advantage by list'ning to them, than from all the Nonsense and Frillery of your own Sex; but if they be Men of Breeding as well as Learning, they will seldom engage in any Conversation where you ought not to be a Hearer, and in time have your Part. If they talk of the Manners and Customs of the several Kingdoms of *Europe*, of Travels into remoter Nations, of the State of their own Country, or of the great Men and Actions of *Greece* and *Rome*; if they give their Judgment upon *English* and *French* Writers, either in Verse or Prose, or of the Nature and Limits of Virtue and Vice, it is a Shame for an *English* Lady not to relish such Discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by Reading and Information, to have her Share in those Entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual Custom, and consult with the Woman who sits next her, about a new Cargo of Fans.

It is a little hard that not one Gentleman's Daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural Tongue, or be Judge of the easiest Books that are written in it; as any one may find, who can have the Patience to hear them, when they are dispos'd to mangle a Play or Novel, where the least Word out of the common Road is sure to disconcert them; and it is no wonder,

der, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their Childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole Lives. I advise you therefore to read aloud, more or less, every Day to your Husband, if he will permit you, or to any other Friend, (but not a Female one) who is able to set you right; and as for Spelling, you may compass it in time by making Collections from the Books you read.

I know very well that those who are commonly called Learned Women, have lost all manner of Credit by their impertinent Talkativeness and Conceit of themselves; but there is an easy Remedy for this, if you once consider, that after all the Pains you may be at, you never can arrive, in Point of Learning, to the Perfection of a School-boy. But the Reading I would advise you to, is only for Improvement of your own good Sense, which will never fail of being mended by Discretion. It is a wrong Method, and ill Choice of Books, that makes those learned Ladies just so much worse for what they have read. And therefore it shall be my Care to direct you better, a Task for which I take myself to be not ill qualify'd; because I have spent more Time, and have had more Opportunities than many others, to observe and discover from what Sources the various Follies of Women are deriv'd.

PRAY observe how insignificant Things are the common Race of Ladies, when they have passed their Youth and Beauty; how contemptible they appear to the Men, and yet more contemptible to the younger Part of their own Sex; and have no

Relief but in passing their Afternoons in Visits where they are never acceptable; and their Evenings at Cards among each other; while the former Part of the Day is spent in Spleen and Envy, or in vain Endeavours to repair by Art and Dress the Ruins of Time: Whereas I have known Ladies at Sixty, to whom all the polite Part of the Court and Town paid their Addresses, without any farther View than that of enjoying the Pleasure of their Conversation.

I am ignorant of any one Quality that is amiable in a Man, which is not equally so in a Woman: I do not except even Modesty and Gentleness of Nature. Nor do I know one Vice or Folly which is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one Infirmary which seems to be generally allow'd you, I mean that of Cowardice: Yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when Women profess their Admiration for a Colonel or a Captain on account of his Valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming Quality in themselves to be afraid of their own Shadows; to scream in a Barge when the Weather is calmest, or in a Coach at the Ring; to run from a Cow at a hundred Yards Distance; to fall into Fits at the Sight of a Spider, an Earwig, or a Frog. At least, if Cowardice be a Sign of Cruelty, (as it is generally granted) I can hardly think it an Accomplishment so desirable as to be thought worth improving by Affectation.

AND as the same Virtues equally become both Sexes, so there is no Quality whereby Women endeavour

deavour to distinguish themselves from Men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of Reservedness; which however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but Affectation or Hypocrisy. For as you cannot too much discountenance those of our Sex, who presume to take unbecoming Liberty before you; so you ought to be wholly unconstrain'd in the Company of deserving Men, when you have had sufficient Experience of their Discretion.

THERE is never wanting in this Town, a Tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling Ladies, whose Talents pass among Coxcombs for Wit and Humour; their Excellency lies in rude choquing Expiessions, and what they call *running a Man down*. If a Gentleman in their Company happens to have any Blemish in his Birth or Person, if any Misfortune hath befallen his Family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad Hints of it without any Provocation. I would recommend you to the Acquaintance of a common Prostitute, rather than to that of such Termagants as these. I have often thought that no Man is oblig'd to suppose such Creatures to be Women; but to treat them like insolent Rascals disguis'd in Female Habits, who ought to be stript and kick'd down Stairs.

I will add one Thing, altho' it be a little out of Place, which is to desire, that you will learn to value and esteem your Husband for those good Qualities which he really possesseth, and not to fancy others

in him which he certainly hath not. For althoⁿ this latter is generally understood to be a Mark of Love, yet it is indeed nothing but Affectation or ill Judgment. It is true, he wants so very few Accomplishments, that you are in no great Danger of erring on this Side; but my Caution is occasion'd by a Lady of your Acquaintance, marry'd to a very valuable Person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending him for those Perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no Advice upon the Article of Expence, only I think you ought to be well inform'd how much your Husband's Revenue amounts to, and be so good a Computer as to keep within it, in that Part of the Management which falls to your Share; and not to put yourself in the Number of those politick Ladies, who think they gain a great Point, when they have teaz'd their Husbands to buy them a new Equipage, a lac'd Head, or a fine Petticoat, without once considering what long Scores remain unpaid to the Butcher.

I desire you will keep this Letter in your Cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole Conduct by it: And so God bless you, and make you a fair Example to your Sex, and a perpetual Comfort to your Husband and your Parents. I am, with great Truth and Affection,

M A D A M,

Your most faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

THOUGHTS *on* VARIOUS
SUBJECTS.

PARTY is the Madness of many, for the
Gain of a few.

THERE never was any Party, Faction, Sect,
or Cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant
were not the most violent; for a Bee is not a
busier Animal than a Blockhead. However, such
Instruments are necessary to Politicians; and per-
haps it may be with States as with Clocks, which
must have some dead Weight hanging at them,
to help and regulate the Motion of the finer and
more useful Parts.

To endeavour to work upon the Vulgar with
fine Sense, is like attempting to hew Blocks
with a Razor.

FINE Sense and exalted Sense, are not half so
useful as common Sense. There are forty Men
of Wit for one Man of Sense: And he that will
carry nothing about him but Gold, will be every
Day at a Loss for want of readier Change.

LEARNING is like *Mercury*, one of the most
powerful and excellent Things in the World in
skilful Hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

THE nicest Constitutions of Government are
often like the finest Pieces of Clockwork, which
M. 5, depending

depending on so many Motions, are therefore more subject to be out of Order.

EVERY Man has just as much Vanity as he wants Understanding.

MODESTY, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little, leaves a Man at Ease, whereas Boasting requires a perpetual Labour to appear what he is not. If we have Sense, Modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as Blushing will sometimes make a Whore pass for a virtuous Woman, so Modesty may make a Fool seem a Man of Sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from Faults, as the having overcome them, that is an Advantage to us; it being with the Follies of the Mind as with the Weeds of a Field, which if destroy'd and consum'd upon the Place of their Birth, enrich and improve it more, than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those Absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be Fools ourselves, than to have others so.

A Man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the Wrong, which is but saying, in other Words, that he is wiser to Day than he was Yesterday.

THE best Way to prove the Clearness of our Mind, is by shewing its Faults; as when a Stream discovers the Dirt at the Bottom, it convinces us of the Transparency and Purity of the Water.

OUR Passions are like Convulsion Fits, which tho' they make us stronger for the Time, leave us the weaker ever after.

To be angry, is to revenge the Fault of others upon our selves.

A brave Man thinks no one his Superior, who does him an Injury; for he has it then in his Power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the Oppress'd is the most glorious Act a Man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the Business of God and Providence.

I as little fear that God will damn a Man that has Charity, as I hope that the Priests can save one who has not.

SUPERSTITION is the Spleen of the Soul.

ATHEISTS put on a false Courage and Alacrity in the midst of their Darkness and Apprehensions; like Children, who when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

AN

AN Atheist is but a mad ridiculous Derider of Piety: but a Hypocrite makes a sober Jest of God and Religion; he finds it easier to be upon his Knees, than to rise to do a good Action: Like an impudent Debtor, who goes every Day and talks familiarly to his Creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

WHAT Tully says of War, may be apply'd to Disputing, it should be always so manag'd, as to remember that the only End of it is Peace; but generally true Disputants are like true Sportsmen, their whole Delight is in the Pursuit; and a Disputant no more cares for the Truth, than the Sportsman for the Hare.

THE Scripture, in Time of Disputes, is like an open Town in Time of War, which serves indifferently the Occasions of both Parties; each makes use of it for the present Turn, and then resigns it to the next Comer to do the same.

SUCH as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other Mens Houses, reforming every thing there, while their own run to Ruin.

WHEN Men grow virtuous in their old Age, they only make a Sacrifice to God of the Devil's Leavings.

SOME old Men, by continually praising the Time of their Youth, would almost persuade us that

that there were no Fools in those Days; but unluckily they are left themselves for Examples.

WHEN we are young, we are slavishly employ'd in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it too late to live as we propos'd.

THE World is a Thing we must of Necessity either laugh at, or be angry at; if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; if we are angry at it, they say we are ill-natur'd.

PEOPLE are scandaliz'd if one laughs at what they call a serious Thing. Suppose I were to have my Head cut off to Morrow, and all the World were talking of it to Day, yet why might not I laugh to think, *What a Bustle is here about my Head?*

THE greatest Advantage I know of being thought a Wit by the World, is, that it gives one the greater Freedom of playing the Fool.

WE ought in Humanity no more to despise a Man for the Misfortunes of the Mind, than for those of the Body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly consider'd, we should no more laugh at one for having his Brains crack'd, than for having his Head broke.

A Man of Wit is not incapable of Business, but above it. A sprightly generous Horse is able

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to carry a Pack-Saddle as well as an Ass, but he is too good to be put to the Drudgery:

WHEREVER I find a great deal of Gratitude in a poor Man, I take it for granted, there would be as much Generosity, if he were a rich Man.

FLOWERS of Rhetorick in Sermons and serious Discourses, are like the blue and red Flowers in Corn, pleasing to those who come only for Amusements but prejudicial to him who would reap the Profit from it.

WHEN two People compliment each other with the Choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

He who tells a Lye, is not sensible how great a Task he undertakes, for he must be forc'd to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

GIVING Advice, is many times only the Privilege of saying a foolish Thing one's self, under Pretence of hindering another from doing one.

It is with Followers at Court, as with Followers on the Road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their Heels.

FALSE Happiness is like false Money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary Occasions: but when it is brought to the Touch, we find the Lightness and Allay, and feel the Loss.

DASTARDLY

DASTARDLY Men are like sorry Horses, who have but just Spirit and Mettle enough to be mischievous.

SOME People will never learn any thing for this Reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

A Person who is too nice an Observer of the Business of the Crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the Labour of the Bees, will often be stung for his Curiosity.

A Man of Business may talk of Philosophy, a Man who has none may practise it.

THERE are some *solitary Wretches*, who seem to have left the rest of Mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the Devil in private.

THE Vanity of human Life is like a River, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble Building, or any great Piece of Magnificence and Pomp, but I think, how little is all this to satisfy the Ambition, or to fill the Idea, of an *Immortal Soul*?

'Tis a certain Truth, that a Man is never so easy or so little imposed upon, as among People of the best Sense: It costs far more Trouble to be admitted or continu'd in ill Company than in good.

as the former have less Understanding to be employ'd, so they have more Vanity to be pleas'd; and to keep a Fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy Task.

THE Difference between what is commonly call'd ordinary Company and good Company, is only hearing the same Things said in a little Room, or in a large *Salon*, at small Tables, or at great Tables, before two Candles or twenty Sconces.

TWO Women seldom grow intimate but at the Expence of a third Person; they make Friendships as Kings of old made Leagues, who sacrificed some poor Animal betwixt them, and commenc'd strict Allies: So the Ladies, after they have pull'd some Character to pieces, are from thenceforth inviolable Friends.

IT is with narrow-soul'd People as with narrow-neck'd Bottles: The less they have in them, the more Noise they make in pouring it out.

MANY Men have been capable of doing a wise Thing, more a cunning Thing, but very few a generous Thing.

SINCE 'tis reasonable to doubt most Things; we should most of all doubt that Reason of ours which would demonstrate all Things.

TO buy Books, as some do who make no use of them, only because they were publish'd by an eminent Printer, is much as if a Man should buy Cloaths,

Cloaths that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous Taylor.

'Tis as offensive to speak Wit in a Fool's Company, as it would be ill Manners to whisper in it; he is displeas'd at both for the same Reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

A good-natur'd Man has the whole World to be happy out of: Whatever good befalls his Species, a well-deserving Person promoted, a modest Man advanced, an indigent one relieved, all this he looks upon but as a remoter Blessing of Providence on himself; which then seems to make him amends for the Narrowness of his own Fortune, when it does the same thing he would have done had it been in his Power. For what a luxurious Man in Poverty would want for Horses and Footmen, a good-natur'd Man wants for his Friend or the Poor.

FALSE Criticks rail at false Wits, as Quacks and Impostors are still cautioning us to beware of Counterfeits, and decry others Cheats, only to make more way for their own.

OLD Men, for the most part, are like old Chronicles, that give you dull, but true Accounts of Times past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

THERE should be, methinks, as little Merit in loving a Woman for her Beauty, as in loving a Man

Man for his Prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

WIT in Conversation is only a Readiness of Thought, and a Facility of Expression, or (in the Midwives Phrase) a quick Conception, and an easy Delivery;

We should manage our Thoughts in composing a Poem, as Shepherds do their Flowers in making a Garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper Places, where they give a Lustre to each other: Like the Feathers in *Indian* Crowns, which are so manag'd, that every one reflects a part of its Colour and Gloss on the next.

As handsome Children are more a Dishonour to a deform'd Father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good Thoughts own'd by a Plagiarist, bring him more Shame than his own ill ones. When a poor Thief appears in rich Garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

If he who does an Injury be his own Judge in his own Cause, and does Wrong without Reason, by being the first Aggressor; then surely it is no wonder the Injur'd should think the same Way, and right himself by Revenge; that is, be both Judge and Party too, since the other was so who first wrong'd him.

HUMAN

HUMAN Brutes, like other Beasts, find Snares and Poison in the Provisions of Life, and are ~~al-~~ ^{led} by their Appetite to their Destruction.

THE most Positive Men are the most Credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest Flatterer and worst Enemy, their own Self-love.

GET your Enemies to read your Works, in order to mend them; for your Friend is so much your Second-self, that he will judge too like you.

WOMEN use Lovers as they do Cards; they play with 'em a while, and when they have got all they can by 'em, throw 'em away; call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

HONOUR in a Woman's Mouth, like the Oath in the Mouth of a cheating Gamester, is ever still most us'd as their Truth is most question'd.

YOUR true Jilt uses Men like Chess-Men, she never dwells so long on any single Man as to overlook another who may prove more advantageous; nor gives one another's Place, till she has seen 'tis for her Interest; but if one is more useful to her than others, brings him in over the Heads of all those others.

WOMEN, as they are like Riddles in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that

that they please us no longer when once we know them.

A MAN who admires a fine Woman, has yet no more Reason to wish himself her Husband, than one who admir'd the *Hesperian* Fruit, wou'd have had to wish himself the Dragon that kept it.

HE who marries a Wife because he can't always live chastly, is much like one, who, finding a few Humours in his Body, resolves to wear a perpetual Blister.

MARRY'D People, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part; as Knots the harder they are pull'd, break the sooner.

A FAMILY is but too often a Commonwealth of Malignants: What we call the Charities and Ties of Affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing Interests: The Son wishes the Death of the Father; the younger Brother that of the Elder; the Elder repines at the Sisters Portions: When any of them marry, there are new Divisions, and new Animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no Comfort but in a Family.

AUTHORS in *France* seldom speak ill of each other, but when they have a personal Pique; Authors in *England* seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal Friendship.

WOMEN as they are like Riddles in being un-
 THERA

THERE is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterestd People in the World of one Religion, but that they should talk together every Day.

MEN are Grateful, in the same degree that they are Resentful.

THE longer we live, the more we should be convinc'd that it is reasonable to love God, and despise Man; as far as we know either.

IT is impossible that an ill-natured Man can have a Publick-spirit. For how should he love Ten thousand Men, who never loved one?
T. K.

THAT Character in Conversation which commonly passses for agreeable, is made up of Civility and Falshood.

A short and certain Way to obtain the Character of a reasonable and wise Man, is, whenever any one tells you his Opinion, to comply with it.

WHAT is generally accepted as Virtue in Women, is very different from what is thought so in Men: A very good Woman would make but a paltry Man.

SOME People are commended for a giddy kind of good Humour, which is as much a Virtue as Drunkenness.

THOSE

THOSE People only will constantly trouble you with doing little Offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

WHOEVER has flatter'd his Friend successfully, must at once think himself a Knave, and his Friend a Fool.

WE may see the small Value God has for Riches, by the People he gives them to. D. A.

WHO are next to Knaves? Those that converse with 'em.

WE are sometimes apt to wonder, to see those People proud who have done the meanest Things. Whereas a Consciousness of having done poor Things, and a Shame of hearing it, often make the Composition we call Pride.

AN Excuse is worse and more terrible than a Lye: For an Excuse is a Lye guarded.

PRAISE is like Ambergris: A little Whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a Man holds a whole Lump of it to your Nose, it is a Stink, and strikes you down.

THE general Cry is against Ingratitude, but sure the Complaint is misplaced, it should be against Vanity. None but direct Villains are capable of wilful Ingratitude; but almost every Body is capable of thinking he hath done more than

than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath received less than he deserves.

I never knew a Man in my Life, who cou'd not bear another's Misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

SEVERAL Explanations of Casuists, by multiplying Sins, may be called *Amendments to the Ten Commandments*.

'Tis observable that the Ladies frequent Tragedies more than Comedies: The Reason may be, that in Tragedy their Sex is deified and ador'd, in Comedy expos'd and ridicul'd.

THE Character of Covetousness is what a Man generally acquires more through some Niggardiness, or ill Grace, in little and inconsiderable Things, than in Expences of any Consequence. A very few Pounds a Year would ease that Man of the Scandal of Avarice.

SOME Men's Wit is like a dark Lanthorn, which serves their own turn, and guides them their own way; but is never known (according to the Scripture Phrase) either to *Shine forth before Men*, or to *Glorify their Father who is in Heaven*.

It often happens that those are the best People, whose Characters have been most injur'd by Slanders: As we usually find that to be the sweetest Fruit which the Birds have been pecking at.

THE

288 THOUGHTS on, &c.

THE People all running to the Capital City is like a Confluence of all the Animal Spirits to the Heart; a Symptom that the Constitution is in Danger.

A KING may be a Tool, a Thing of Straw; but if he serves to frighten our Enemies, and secure our Property, it's well enough: a Scare-crow is a Thing of Straw, but it protects the Corn.

A MAN coming to the Water-side, is surrounded by all the Crew; every one is officious, every one making Applications; every one offering his Services; the whole Bustle of the Place seems to be only for him. The same Man going from the Water-side, no Noise made about him, no Creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter Neglect! The Picture of a Minister when he comes into Power, and when he goes out.

F I N I S.

Note, The N. B. with   relates only to these Two Volumes.



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